

**DENISE DONLON: Cranking up the Canadian Music Biz**

# Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

July 30, 2001 www.macleans.ca \$4.50

**SPORTS**

Edmonton Leaps  
into the Limelight

**NORTHERN  
IRELAND**

A Mountie Rides In

## Love Stories from the Cold War

They grew up as  
Canadian military  
brats in Germany.  
Communism collapsed,  
the base closed—  
and now some of these  
grown-up kids  
are meeting again.  
Even marrying.

Troy McLean and  
Joanne Laird

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**Maclean's**  
Canada's Weekly Business Journal

JUNE 2001 VOL. 114 NO. 6 [www.mindgarden.com](http://www.mindgarden.com)

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# From the Editor

## 'In other Alliance news... (click)'

A couple of years ago, a friend who had recently moved from our national capital to Ottawa said this about the difference: In Ottawa, people talk about nothing but politics, while elsewhere, it's a topic people never discuss. That, the friend concluded, accounted for the disconnect between politicians and the people who sent them there. In Ottawa, MPs are treated as VIPs, while elsewhere, they barely register as afterthoughts.

Still, elected politicians, their exploits and antics, continue to be accorded great importance by one other key segment of Canadian society—the media. Turn on the news last week, or pick up a newspaper, and it was almost impossible to avoid images of Stockwell Day either resigning, threatening to resign, or threatening to run again (depending on the hour or day), alongside frenetic speculation about the future, or lack of same, of either i) the Canadian Alliance, b) the centre-right movement, c) the glowing Tories, or d) the dissonant former Alliance MPs who have formed their own new party-within-a-party. This, for a party that—no matter how many ways it crumbles—has only single-digit support in the polls, no credible new leadership hopefuls at this point, and no need to worry about contesting another election for at least three more years. But to judge by the coverage—front page for several days running in both national newspapers, and last item on the TV news—could think the Alliance and its woes were topics of intense interest and import to all Canadians.

On one level, there's a simple explanation for the volume of such coverage: In the slow summer season, something has to lead the news, and this story has the merits of being simple to cover, easy to pontificate about, sufficiently national in scope, and mildly entertaining in a silly, head-shaking sort of way. In the midst of that, as Contributing Editor Mary Jurgens points out in her co-

ny starting on page 22, it's easy to forget that we've seen this movie—or a version of it—before. Day's painful and embarrassing fall from grace is reminiscent of the manner in which John Diefenbaker was shooed from the leadership of the Progressive Conservatives in 1967. And, as Allan Fotheringham observes in his back-page column, it provides another startling reminder of how the prospect of becoming a political leader routinely drives smart, otherwise logical people to do stupid, illogical things.

In many ways, politics in the flakiest, flakiest corner to a more solemn, substantive family member—policy. Lately, we've heard Liberal advisors musing about closer union with the United States, including open borders and a shared dollar. Other debates are ongoing over whether to tell our water to the Americans, and whether the Kyoto Protocol on environmental controls would destroy our economy—as the Alberta government believes—or save us from a global warming catastrophe, as some scientific studies suggest. You'll read and hear more about such debates as weeks to come, because each such issue has the potential to dramatically change our way of life. And, for the most part, the decisions as to what to do about them are made in Ottawa. That's why, in the end, you can run as far as you like from the endless, dreary stories about politics in Ottawa—but you can't really hide from the consequences.

Andy Vukobratovic

mailto:andy@newsline.ca or to comment on From the Editor

## NEWSROOM NOTES

### Canada's team

The Nipigon Stars, a ragtag soccer team playing in Sierra Leone, make do with worn-out shoes and frayed sweaters. There's hardly enough money to pay for gas for the team bus, and never a pre-game meal. Freelance writer Linda Polman stumbled across the Stars while visiting Be, a town in the south of the country. She couldn't help but notice a large Canadian flag draped over the hood of their bus, and asked about the

connection to Canada. Coach Reay Coulombe then recounted the tale of a generous Canadian who first visited in 1984, built a marker in 1991 and left funds behind to further develop the town. Following publication of Polman's story about the team in the July 9 issue, letters flooded in. Some readers wanted to send money while others offered to donate equipment. And the previously mysterious Mr. Nipigon surfaced—in the form of Don Garvey, 75, a retired Nipigon, Ont., building contractor, who is fra-



gned in an article in this week's magazine (page 32). "I've always been in touch with our readers as much as the Nipigon Stars did," said World Editor Tom Fennell, who handled both stories. "The outpouring of generosity is quite remarkable."

Garvey was also moved by the response, and plans to keep helping the people of Be. Anyone wishing to join him should contact Garvey at Nipigon, Ontario, K2R 1E3 (613) 591-6554. [www.nipigonourcoach.com](http://www.nipigonourcoach.com).



THE BOOK OF @BUSINESS, THE SECOND CHAPTER

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Exhibit A: Square wheel



Exhibit B: Insignificant gains

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Occupational hazards of a readable writer

## The measure of Richler

"Richler remembered" (Cover, July 16) triggered a nice old memory. In 1970, I was a reporter for *The Quill*, Brandon University's student newspaper, and Mordecai Richler was to be a guest speaker. After the lecture, there was a small reception. Richler was standing, and looking a bit uncomfortable, with a small group of people. There was a momentary lapse in their conversation and I asked: "Hi, Mr. Richler, I'm with the student newspaper and my friend Tim and I were wondering if maybe you'd like to come to the pub with us later on this evening..." He replied: "I'd love to, just give me about five more minutes." I was

dumbfounded. Tim and I had staggered Mordecai Richler. But a polite snowman was raging, and we didn't even have a car. What to do? Ah! There was a real reporter in the reception (from the *Brandon Star*), and, yes, she had a car and was a member of the Sokol Club, one of three very unidentical, even-better-only drinking clubs in the city's south end. We made our way to the club and were duly signed in. After a while, Richler's habit of pouring strong drink (from a silver flask) into his draft beer prompted some concern from our waiter: "We were asked to leave. Not a problem, Richler remained as 'We could just go back to the hotel bar and drink on his tab. Richler, Tim and I drank and talked until the bartender closed us out at about 2 a.m. Truly a popular memory and measure of the man."

Ron Drysdale, Winnipeg

**Mordecai Richler**—successful writer and happy family man—had everything to live for, but whiskey and smoking made him a poster boy for the deleterious effects of alcohol and tobacco abuse. Ah well, this must be an occupational hazard, writes Margaret Laurence, Nick Auf der Maer, et al. So sad.

John Kijewski, Brantford, Ont.

**How can you not like a man with such great taste in whiskey—the Miscellany and Canibus. May his cup always be full.**

Peter Smith, Whistler, B.C.

**Nora Joyce** once asked her husband, James Joyce: "Why don't you write books people can read?" Mordecai Richler always wrote books people could read.

Douglas Connah, Ottawa

## Israeli settlers

**What irony.** Canadian-born Jews like the Wolfsonsky can move to Israel and live on Palestinian land in "red-necked villages that look like a California suburb." But

Palestinians were forced to leave and now live in wretched conditions in crowded refugee camps ("Under siege," *Canada and the World*, July 16). In the name of justice, there is only one thing for the settlers to do: end the occupation.

Joseph Berman, Kemptville, Ont.

**If the Jews** were persecuted in the past in their own home countries, the solution is not dispossessing a defenceless nation and confiscating its land, thus doing to the Palestinians what the Nazis did to them. It is time for Jews to get over it and move on. Now they are the ruthless persecutors, not the victims.

Etha Abu-Ghazal, Doris, Ont.

**Most of the Jewish writers** on the *Wise Bank*, like the Canadian couple in your article, are neither heroes nor religious ascetics. They are simply religious Jews following the Old Testament directive to settle the land. With a peace settlement, many would agree to leave, but wonder if they were doing the correct thing. How-

## Unwanted graduates

**Upon graduation** from Vancouver's Emily Carr Institute of Art + Design in 1995, approximately half of my fellow design classmates, as well as me, were snatched up by eager American companies ("The magnetic north," *Canada* 25, July 1). I was never once recruited by a Canadian company, and those I did contact showed little or no interest in me. To graduate in Canada and not have one Canadian company interested in you, when American, British and Scandinavian countries are all snatching your way, is to be Marc, a lack in the head. For years, I have had to grin my teeth with much indignation as my fellow Canadians ask and ask over how I am "so lucky to be making American dough."

It never occurs to them that I took a job in California not at all for money, but because it was a great opportunity. It was never my intention to work in the United States, so I am finally back in Canada and, once again, I find no opportunities for me. Well, I have received an offer—and I am off to live in Stockholm.

Sharon Wright, Vancouver



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Edited by Shaunda Denzel with John Intini

## RUN WITH BULLS, SLEEP IN HOSPITAL

In 1998, James Minnie was standing on a street in Pamplona, Spain, when he was caught up in a crowd. Only when he saw a herd of angry cattle behind him did he realize that he was inadvertently participating in an ancient, the ancient Spanish custom of running with the bulls. Family president misadventure this year when Mexico's son-in-law, Juan Carlos, was one of two tourists to be gored by a bull on July 8. Jonathan, a British tourist, received a scare in the thigh, requiring a six-day stay in a Spanish hospital. He told Maclean's reporter Judy Kwak the story.

"My dad had run with the bulls. So I wanted to follow in his footsteps. My friend said I planned on going down to learn the proper way to run and see how the locals do it. But we sort of slept in. It is scary because you don't know when to start. The whistle goes off, and before you know it everyone's down the street. You have no idea where these bulls are. It's actually very quiet. People in the cars don't cheer. These running doesn't scream. It doesn't even sound like a big stampede of bulls, they're



quiet as well. It's an ethereal experience."

"I was just running on my own and I saw a peak go by. I stopped it my legs. There was a strange bull running down the middle, five feet behind me. It was in his way and had to make time to reach in the blink of an eye, he pushed me over his head. The horns were as sharp—they went in and out, so fast, I didn't think I'd been cut. I didn't know how bad it was until they cut me out and put big metal clamps on the wound to close it up. When they wheeled me into the hospital, the spectators gave me a little cheer. I don't know if they were cheering because I appeared to be OK or because they were happy that a tourist got run down by the bull!"

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL

## OVER AND UNDER ACHIEVERS

### A week's worth of hapless hosers

British Columbia hopes ahead over today as Olympic bid, Canadian Alliance, reform itself, but little get away hopes of body and wedding

• **Sick Power:** Broun in Olympic president race has been crying foul. "Everyone but, pound for-pound, he was too aggressive for IOC's taste."

• **Vancouver/Whistler:** 2010 Winter Games bid in overtime as B.C. organized dance on Toronto's shattered dreams. Thanks, Mr.!

• **Stockwell Day:** Senate running by way of trying to run again. Rebel Alliance MP can return

to field if they say sorry. Yick got that right.

• **Stephen Harper:** National Citizens' Alliance head pondering for suit-and-tie Alliance leadership. Ben once only wears wet suits when forgo umbrellas.

• **Catherine Clark:** Getting hounded next year. Urges senate to respect privacy—by seeing down alone. Duh.

• **Greggusque:** Tallen forward-facing publicity stunts leave impact when children need rescue from KCM Towers. As impact go, could have been worse.

• **George M. Bush:** Takes home thing way too loudly by asking Canada to pipe water to U.S. Sorry, George, says PM's Office, you're all wet.

## THE FIX WAS IN

After the 34th Lake City Olympic scandal in 1990, International Olympic Committee president Juan Antonio Samaranch promoted perfect reform. Ten offending members were forced out, and more new rules were introduced. But reform? Hardly. The IOC couldn't in Moscow that ended last week's business as usual, with desk sales in the hotel strip for a 2000 Summer Games and a new IOC president having determined not to work but by lockers remembering. The worst? The coaching, retiring Samaranch. Unbelievable, he got himself in stalled as honorary president for life, and had the Olympic museum in Lausanne named after him. De-fused by the scandal, he was demoted enough to get his son, Juan Jr., elected as an IOC member. He reappeared again for his 2000 Olympic (Bel-jug) in return for significant Alan backing of his favoured presidential candidate (Belgian doctor Jacques Rogge), and to ensure his gay son, Samaranch, III, publicly understood Rogge's chief competitor, Canada's Dick Pound and South Korea's Kim Un-gu. To see one of the Sport's favourite players, the video in Moscow was the best games ever.

For Samaranch, the best games ever



James Dawson

## OVERDUES

Ever since his magisterial duet with Eminem at the Grammy Awards, **Elton John** has been cooing talented Chinese artists. Nothing like a few controversial Canucks to help enter the Slim Shady sphere.

"He wanted to let me know that he was honoured that I worked on his record and that year ago he had a terrible, terrible crash on my finger."

—**Slingshot** **Elton John** recalls a phone call he received from John regarding a duet they were working on for their new album **Unwritten**. **Unwritten** is the son of late musician **Leslie** **Unwritten** is



John sings with **Refuge**, the duet, but guitar over **London** (right), the duet

"Diana is a very gifted person. She absolutely has her own style, which is the hardest thing in the world for any of us to achieve. She was a song that you've heard a thousand other singers do a million times before, and it's as if you're hearing it for the first time. And understanding it properly, too. I have not one doubt that she's a legend of the future. Absolutely she is around to stay."

—**John on Diana Krall** who performed at the third annual White Tie & Ties Ball to benefit the Elton John AIDS Foundation earlier this month.



"He fell in love with the CD, and he's been talking about me a lot in his concerts. He wants to promote our music."

—**Billy Ferrell** on why she invited him to perform at his post-*Over the Top* tour in March

## FISHY FILMMAKING

Greg Rosset has reeled in the past catch in CBC TV and BC Film's first annual screenplay competition. The Toronto-born writer/director won with an offbeat yet flammable script that complied with the contest's strict stipulation: all screenplays must incorporate the theme of smoked salmon. Rosset has now been given \$41,000 in cash and services to turn his screenplay, **Fish Out of Water**, into an eight-minute short film that will air on CBC in September, along with films by the other winners, **Shallie**, **Troy Anderson** and **Geoff Inoscent**. "I made a quick little horror film about a salmon who changes the rules on the fishermen who catches him," says Rosset, 38. "I envisioned some really satirical ideas because I just wanted to be fun and really bizarre."

Strange and unconventional scripts were exactly what CBC and BC Film were hoping for when choosing "smoked salmon" as the theme of the competition. "We were using any salmon when we came up with the idea, although I do think we were drinking," says **Rae Hall**, head of CBC television in British Columbia. "Choosing smoked salmon is like celebrating a part of the country in which we live." And next year's theme? Says Hall, "We're going to go in down with a place of appetizer in front of us and choose that way."

Tanya Marlowe



Rosset gears a story about a fish for CBC

Working title: **FISH OUT OF WATER**  
EXTENSION: A WON-POW FISHY IN THE WILDS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

UNWRITTEN: DANCEWORLD

a fisherman reaches into the bathtub, picks up a huge salmon and slaps it in the face.

Really? I guess the game isn't over. fish. You got eight left in 'em. but you gotta hafta read your manners and play by the rules. the salmon splashes back.

## FEELING VIOLENT?

Crimes is down, for a ninth consecutive year according to the annual survey conducted by Statistics Canada. In 2000, the 2000 violent crime rate dropped slightly to its lowest since 1977. Yet after seven years of decline, violent crimes increased by three per cent. Aggravated murder rates were up more than 50 per cent, but assaults were up the per cent. Also in the provincial violent crime rates from across the country:





## What's a shy guy to do?

It was a bright, sunny September morning, and I was on a mission: a shy, 38-year-old bachelor who was planning on changing my life that very day.

Two years earlier, at a Halloween dance hosted by the Edmonton Tiki Singles Club for women over six feet and men over six feet two, I met Pat. A day-care operator in Nisku, B.C., Pat had come to Edmonton to buy supplies and use the event advertised in the newspaper. I was the club bartender and was dressed like a Russian soldier. Pat, who wasn't wearing a costume, danced with me twice that night. We barely spoke but there was something—her effervescent personality, her bubbling laugh—that drew me to her.

But being the introvert that I am, I couldn't ask for her phone number. The following August, Pat moved to Edmonton to attend college. Bored while waiting for classes to begin, she asked a mutual friend what there was to do in town. Our friend, unaware that Pat and I had met before, told her that I would be happy to show her around. I was more than pleasantly surprised when Pat called me one evening and we agreed to meet at a restaurant.

I had an inkling it was the same Pat on the phone that I had met at the dance. She remembered me so soon to the day was—*I had never forgotten her. Shortly after that meeting, I fell and tore a tendon in my lower leg. While I was staying at my parents' house to recuperate, Pat offered to check on my apartment and agreed to bring me my mail every week. Our friendship developed. Two months later, after I was fully healed, we started dating.*

For nearly a year, Pat usually dated four guys, including me. She was looking for someone who shared her tastes in entertainment as well as her religious upbringing. And she was quite happy with single life. I had fallen in love with her from the beginning but didn't want to "go too far" for fear of chasing her away. It was only September when I told Pat's best friend, Jacqui, about my feelings for Pat. She replied that if I didn't "go or get off the pot," one of the other boyfriends would propose to her first.

So I looked the following Friday all week. All Thursday evening and into the wee hours of Friday morning, I made two-by-eight-hour lunches. I had a plan, but in order for it to work, Pat had to be at school. She had class on Friday mornings. However, as I was driving to put the signs up at her apartment, I saw her car travelling down the road to the north. I didn't want

to risk the chance that she would come home and catch me setting everything up. Panicked, I called Jacqui, who suggested that I hang the banners at her townhouse complex. I put the first sign along the sidewalk. Further down the street, I planted a second sign. The third sign was placed near Jacqui's front door.

An hour later, we were ready to make the call. Jacqui phoned Pat and in her hot sexy voice and, "Quick! Come over!" Pat showed no time. Cellphone in hand, she needed the four figures of sales in her apartment building. Before she reached her car, she had called my answering machine to cancel our date for that night. She seriously bared, if not broke, the speed limit on her way to Jacqui's.

PAT DOOLEY: I thought that using her name on a huge sign would make her stop or at least take notice. But Pat was so preoccupied that it didn't even register. She turned into the complex.

I LOVE YOU. This one slowed her down. Still, it didn't register that the sign applied to her—we could still talk much from the parked look on her face as she stopped in front of Jacqui's townhouse.

WILL YOU MARRY ME? Finally, it dawned on Pat exactly what was happening. Laughing uproariously, she got out of her car. A crowd of onlookers closed in behind her, urging her forward and preventing an escape. Stepping out from around the corner of the building, I presented her with a dozen long-stemmed red roses. I couldn't imagine being more nervous. My heart welled up in my throat and the bouquet trembled as I passed it to her. Dropping in one letter, I began "Patricia Marie Dooley. I love you with all my heart. Will you do me the honour of marrying me?"

Thankfully, there was no hesitation on her part. She answered "Yes" before I finished asking the question.

We were married four months later, on December 29, 1990. At 40 below, it was the coldest day of the year, but we didn't care. Jacqui was a bridesmaid. The happiness that I've ever been with the priest presented us as husband and wife for the first time. My untested romantic side had finally led me right into my ladylove's heart. And, almost 11 wonderful years later, I think that for a shy, introverted guy, I did pretty well.

Philippe Dubé, of Edmonton, proved he was a man of action.



If I didn't propose quickly, Pat's other boyfriends might get there first

## PASSAGES

**Awarded:** Nancy Olivieri, 47-year-old senior scientist with the Research Institute at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, has been presented with a prestigious whistle-blower award from Washington's Civil Justice Foundation—past winners include Erin Brockovich. In 1998, Olivieri published negative findings on



delegations—a proposed blood-disorder drug she was testing—against the wishes of the manufacturer, which partially funded the study. The administrator at Sick Kids failed to support her and twice tried to fire her. While the drug's manufacturer, Apogen Inc. of Toronto, insisted delegations was safe, and threatened to sue her for leaking a confidentiality agreement, more than a dozen U.S. and British scientists wrote in support of Olivieri.

**Wied:** As publisher of *The Washington Post* from 1963-1979, Katharine Graham boldly led the daily through the tumultuous years of the Watergate scandal, and named the paper into a leading force in U.S. journalism. She took the job after her husband, Philip, committed suicide. In 1971, Graham gave the go-ahead to publish the Pentagon Papers—a series of top-secret government documents that outlined U.S. involvement in Indochina—after a court injunction blocked *The New York Times* from doing so. Two years later, Pat began uncovering the Nixon administration's involvement in the break-in at the Democratic National Headquarters at the Watergate Hotel. Three years ago, she won a Pulitzer Prize for her memoir, *Personal History*. Graham, 94, died in a Boise, Idaho, hospital from injuries sustained after a fall.

**Awarded:** Sandi Schell, 66, and Eric Murray, 72, are the first Canadians inducted into the American Contract Bridge League's Hall of Fame. Before retiring in 1988, the card-playing duo represented Canada at the World Team Olympiad every five years beginning in 1960. Murray, of Hamilton, and Schell, who moved to Canada after growing up in England, also played in several Bermuda Bowls, the annual world championship. They have been awarded the van Zandt Award for lifetime achievement. This is the first year the award has been given to two players.

**Engaged:** Catherine Clark, 24-year-old daughter of Conservative party leader Joe Clark and the unofficial owner of just 16 federal elections, will marry Chad Schell, 30, some time next year in Or-

ono. Schell met Clark while he was working as an organizer on her father's 1998 Tory leadership campaign. He is currently manager of communications with the Royal Canadian Golf Association. Clark will be one of four brides on *Unwedded*, a current event show airing this fall on a digital channel.

**Convicted:** Fast-selling novelist and former British politician Jeffrey Archer, 61, has been sentenced to four years in jail for perjury and perverting the course of justice. A British court determined that the onetime MP and author of potboilers—including *A Matter of Honor* and *First Among Equals*—lied and cheated during a 1987 libel case against a British tabloid that wrote Archer had sex with a prostitute.

**Died:** As a correspondent with the *Monmouth Standard*, Wallace Rayburn covered the Aug. 19, 1942, raid on Dieppe, France. He came ashore with the South Saskatchewan Regiment and witnessed the deaths of 89 Canadian soldiers and the forced surrender of another 99, before escaping to England. He remained the captain in *Rebels and for Immortals*, published in 1943. After the war, the New Zealand-born writer moved from Canada to Britain and took a job at London columnist for the *Toronto Telegram*. Rayburn penned 25 other books including *Plashed with Pride*, a biography of Thomas Crapper, the purported inventor of the modern flush toilet. During the 1940s, Rayburn was a regular contributor to *Maclean's*. He was 87.

**Awarded:** Sandi Schell, 66, and Eric Murray, 72, are the first Canadians inducted into the American Contract Bridge League's Hall of Fame. Before retiring in 1988, the card-playing duo represented Canada at the World Team Olympiad every five years beginning in 1960. Murray, of Hamilton, and Schell, who moved to Canada after growing up in England, also played in several Bermuda Bowls, the annual world championship. They have been awarded the van Zandt Award for lifetime achievement. This is the first year the award has been given to two players.

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Peter C. Newman

## Lazy day musings

**R**anthology on a summer afternoon at Stockwell Day contemplates whether or not to run for his job, he faces a simple problem—the elevator doesn't reach his penthouse apartment. The cracker-barrel western brand of conservatism that might have propelled him into high office turned out to be the victim of his Jurassic thinking and Keynesian Kopp political leadership.

When patch came to shove, more than a dozen Canadian Alliance members chose to go it alone, instead of submitting to Stock's novel idea of leading by convincing public hate fans. It's all too reminiscent of a loose remark by a long-forgotten Liberal backbencher in the Ontario legislature named Eddie Sneyd, who clinched whatever argument he was making with the immortal comment: "You can lead a horse to drink, but you can't make him water." That has no connection with Stockwell Day, except that you can't make anybody the leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition unless he can engender some loyalty and knows what he's opposing, and why.

The Canadian Alliance leader has become the sun of his convictions, the bumper car in a world he never made. Time to get him out of his misery.

**It's time to put Stockwell Day out of his misery. He has become the sum of his contradictions, the bumper car in a world he never made**

In assuming George W. Bush's determination to tap into Alaskan and northern Canadian natural gas, we should remember the lesson he learned at his father's knee. When he was campaigning for the presidency, George Bush Sr. defended the aboveground Alaska oil pipeline against environmentalists who worried that it interfered with caribou migrations by seriously commercializing "The caribou love it. They rub against it and have babies. There are more caribou in Alaska than you can shake a stick at."

Medford was always sounding off, at least 7.5 on the Richter scale, and I shall miss his satirical doggerels and witty puns. Some of his best friends may have been WASPs, but what gave his prose such bite was his portrayal of the Jewish psyche. As he put it in what I consider his best novel, *Julius Tien and Now*: "Canadian-born, he sometimes felt as if he were confused to love Jews—shouldn't through this world that confused him. One should be doped downwards, groaning under the weight of his Jewish heritage, the other thrust heavenwards, yearning for an inheritance, any inheritance, weightier than the construction of a transcontinental railway, a reputation for honest trading, good skiing conditions." *For reference*

Most Canadian universities teach a subject they insist on calling political science. Those of us who follow politics in this

country as a passion know it may be an art or a game, but never a science. Ideally, it's a form of magic that can mobilize ordinary voters behind an uplifting vision for the country. That's the trouble with Jean Charest, our current prime minister. He thinks that vision is the bag. If you see when you get your eyes checked by a doctor.

Canada's Parliament is the only state institution run by its inmates. During the session, concluded last month, it showed. Not one memorable piece of legislation was delivered or passed. Perhaps the Liberal caucus, due to meet in Edmonton on Aug. 21, will think up something new and exciting, like referring the Senate by appointing even more party hacks.

Nearly two years ago, British Automobile Association cautioned motorists that listening to national news on tape while driving was dangerous because it induces drowsiness.

Not by accident did this directive appear the week that the tedious autobiography of former Prime Minister John Major was aired as a talking book.

Reading Canada's wartime history carefully, I ran across this excerpt from an inspiring speech delivered in Ottawa, on Dec. 30, 1941, by Winston Churchill, then leading the Western alliance into its darkest period of the Second World War:

"We have not journeyed all this way across the continents, across the oceans, across the mountains, across the prairies, because we are made of sugar candy." If we heard such roasting rhetoric from one of our politicians, we'd follow him, even if it took us to Stockwell Day's Red Deer.

Referring to a particularly tumultuous epoch in Hawaiian history, James A. Michener, in his book on the islands, described the maddening period as "the time when the gods changed." Perhaps that's the problem with this gorgeous bank of geography, mainstream, 2001. Canada's gods are changing, whether it's the New Economy versus Old, investor versus everything, the Americans trying to steal our brains, our water and our geography, Canada becoming an island statehood, losing our own gods, such as Seigrist, Namik, CPR, as well as Medford, and the feeling that if the 20th century didn't belong to us, we may not get our act together well enough to belong to the 21st.

Our fall from occupying the top spot in the United Nations rating as the best place to live on Earth went accidental. What do they know that we don't? Just that in a globalized economy, the world doesn't need Canada.

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CHRYSLER





# Love Stories from the Cold War

COVER

BY JOEL BAGDELE

**J**osune Laird, blond, hazel-eyed and just getting interested in boys, was celebrating her 12th birthday on March 27, 1986, when she met Troy McLean. Their fathers, both soldiers stationed at Canadian Forces Base Lahr, Germany, had taken them on a tour of Spain. Laird remembers trying hard to ignore the handsome 15-year-old with the friendly blue eyes. "We mostly stood around pretending not to look at each other," recalls Laird, 27, now completing a master's degree in archeology at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon. Later that summer, the two met again at an outdoor swimming pool in Lahr, and after a few awkward moments, recalls McLean, "we were suddenly going together."

They talked on the phone for hours each night and hung out, hand-in-hand, at the Canadian Youth Centre on the base. That December, five months neither can remember, Laird suddenly

dumped McLean, now 27 as well and living in Kingsville, near Windsor, Ont., where he is a computer programmer. "When you're in Grade 7, I guess four months with the same guy seemed like a lifetime, so I quit him," says Laird. McLean was crushed. But, he says, "Being 15, I just acted like I didn't care."

He did, though—deeply—and was heart aching that July when Laird's family was posted to Ottawa. In fact, the pair had no contact for years, apart from a brief, almost-innocent encounter on New Year's Eve, 1990, in Ottawa, when Laird spotted her former flame in a shopping mall but was too nervous to approach him. But last November, McLean heard about a Web site listing the names of young people who lived at CFB Lahr during the base's 27-year history, from 1967 to 1994. He logged on—and Laird's name flickered across the screen. Suddenly he felt 13 again, and too foolish to e-mail her. "What was I going to say?" says McLean. "Hey, you quit me in Grade 7?" But Laird was out earlier the site, and had no such hesitation. "I came home from work," says McLean, "and there she was in my in-box."



For Laird and McLean, love briefly blossomed at CFB Lahr (opposite, left, in 1986). Fifteen years later, they've found each other again, and plan to be wed next year.

They grew up on the Canadian Forces base in Lahr, and then lost touch. Now, communism has collapsed, the base has closed—but thanks to the Web some of these former military brats are rekindling past relationships—even marrying.

Soon the former sweethearts were again spending hours on the phone, and on Jan. 6, 14 years after their initial breakup in Germany, they met face-to-face at a coffee shop in Kitchener, Ont., a city where both have friends. "Her first comment was, 'Wow, you're grown,'" says McLean. Adds Laird: "He remembered that I liked the music of Corey Hart, which I thought was nice." A long-distance romance followed a few weeks ago, McLean gave Laird a diamond engagement ring. They plan to marry next year. "This Web site really had an impact on my life," says McLean. "I guess it's true what they say about first loves."

At its peak in the mid-1980s, CFB Lahr, nestled in the lush Black Forest along the Rhine River in southwestern Germany, housed 6,500 soldiers. Including families, 17,000 Canadians lived there. Over the years, some 14,000 teenagers passed through the base high school. And while their parents fought the Cold War—the Lahr contingent included two infantry battle groups, an artillery regiment and a helicopter squadron—the "military brats" thoroughly enjoyed themselves. "Lahr was a three-year vacation," says Janice McMullen, 30, who lived in Lahr from 1987 to 1990 and is now

a party manager with a heavy-sequence disorder in Winnipeg. "I was in Berlin when the Wall was up and I was in Rome when it was Communist," he says. "Not many Canadians cut it off this."

Liberal social attitudes, reflected in the country's mad beaches and lack of a minimum drinking age, also made Germany especially exciting to teenagers. "Nude beaches are great at any age," says McMurtry with a laugh. "But they're really interesting when you're 16." Being able to walk into a bar and order a solo of beer at age 15, or younger, often led to trouble. "Alcohol was an ongoing problem with the kids," says Gayle Johnson, 56, a golf instructor in Charlottesville who ran the Canadian Youth Centre in Lahti from 1968 to 1987. "I took a lot of young, innocent people home in my car," she recalled. "More than one got sick in the backseat."

The hosts, who usually spent about three years in Lahti, found it all but impossible to keep in touch with friends upon returning to Canada—all they were left with were memories of some of the best days of their lives. Then, in 1997, Clare Gagnon, 42, an Edmonton mother of two who, as a teenager, lived in Lahti from 1972 to 1976, purchased a home computer list her family. She immediately logged on to the Internet, hoping to find a Web site linking her to some of her old friends from Lahti. "There was nothing," says Gagnon. "Not one name or home page."

Gagnon did manage to locate a couple of departments of national defense Web sites listing the whereabouts of former military per-



Gagnon (opposite) still marvels that her Web site has become more than I ever expected. It certainly helped Poyner (right) renew her friendships with Inglis (above left, 1985)



## 'Lahti was a three-year vacation,' says one former military brat

soned. She e-mailed everyone who indicated they had been based in Germany, asking if their children would like to be based on a site serving the Lahtians. More than 50 responses later, she had acquired just four responses. Underneath, the last one had a Web page, entitled The Lahti Senior High School Brat Web Site, with first names, including her own. The response was immediate. "I'm not that name and information just started arriving by e-mail," Gagnon says. "I knew there would be other like me."

Gagnon's list continues to grow by an average of 20 new names per month and now lists the whereabouts of more than 1,000 military brats. "This project has become more than I ever expected," says Gagnon. "So like people have had a void all these years, and then they find my site and all the information they've been searching for is right there."

Norvalga for Lahti is an issue that people using Gagnon's site to find their old friends have raised a series of spring high-school reunions, events that keep growing in size. About 350 brats attended a 1997 reunion in Calgary; last year, on August 4, 900 showed up in Ottawa. Another reunion is scheduled for Halifax in 2000, and organizers are expecting more than 1,500 people. Kim Henson, a St. Albert, Alta., stay-at-home mom who lived in Lahti from 1976 to 1976, was moved by Gagnon's site that she founded her own, called Lahti Revisited. One of 60 Lahti sites that have sprang up includes a chat room and high-school yearbook during back to 1967. "I was dumbfounded when I found Gagnon's site," says Henson. "I couldn't believe anyone went to the trouble of doing this. We military brats were scattered to the four winds when we left Lahti."

Nathalie Gagnon, 30, first met Michael Wiese in the summer of 1967 when she was a lifeguard at the base swimming pool. Gagnon says she thought Wiese, now 30, had nice eyes but was arrogant. "At school dances, he would ask me to slow dance and then his hands would wander where they shouldn't," recalls Gagnon. "He went about it the wrong way, so you know what I mean."

Gagnon and Wiese, who were on the Lahti High School track-and-field team together, still became good friends. She like thousands of brats, they later touch with each other after their families left Lahti. In 1993, Gagnon graduated from the University of Ottawa, and became the head athletic therapist at the school. She often thought of him and then, last year, both Gagnon and Wiese, who now works as a production-line supervisor at Sterling Ltd. in London, Ont., track reunions; learned about Gagnon's Web site and the planned Ottawa reunion.

Both went. "I was excited to see his name on the reunion list and curious to see how he was doing," says Gagnon, who recently left her job at the university. "These things are a bit strange. You're wondering what people will look like and how they may have changed." The two talked what they ate, and spent most of the next week together. The day after Wiese returned to London, they had an eight-hour phone conversation. Wiese was soon spending his weekends in Ottawa. "The coincidence was that he had married," says Gagnon, chuckling. On Dec. 22, 2002, Wiese proposed. Gagnon, who is now looking for work in London, accepted, and they plan to marry on Oct. 6 in Ottawa.

Friendships have also been rekindled. Julie Poyner, 24, a freelance photographer in Midland, Ont., lived in Lahti from 1985 to 1989 when she was in Grades 3 through 6. She was close to three girls—Kynthia Lund, an American whose father was stationed near Lahti, and Rhianwen Burko and Joanne Inglis, whose parents—all British nationals—held civilian jobs on the base. The four best friends were inseparable while in Wauson, the Canadian elementary school in Lahti. They called themselves CAB, which stood for "Canadian, American and Two Brides." They adopted the theme song from the TV show *The Golden Girls*—*Thank-you for Being a Friend*—and wore identical T-shirts that read "CAB" on the front, and "Canadian, American and British" on the back. "On weekends we had sleepovers at each other's houses," says Poyner. "We were never apart."

Until the summer of 1989, when Poyner's family was posted to CFB Borden, 30 km north of Toronto. "Coming back to Canada was totally hard—I think I cried for months," says Poyner. "It was especially difficult because the other three stayed behind and were on regular hair." Poyner always thought of her three friends, and last November she found them all on Gagnon's Web site. Today, Lund is a published living in Cedar Hills, Utah; Burko is a library assistant in Cardiff, Wales; and Inglis is an English teacher in Ede, in the Netherlands. A couple of times each week, the friends now conduct five-hour online chats. "We spend the first few months updating each other on what we've been doing over the last few years," says Poyner. "Now we just chat like we used to at home." In April, Inglis, Lund and Burko met in London, the first time they'd seen each other in 10 years. Poyner, who had just bought a house with her husband, could not attend the trip. "My heart broke," she says. But the CABs plan to meet again this Decem-

ber in Newport Beach, Calif., and Poyner is already saving for the trip. "Military brats don't have many friendships that last long because of all the moving you do," she says. "So to find some good friends you've lost touch with is really gratifying."

Maria-France Perrier, 46, lived in Lahti from 1969 to 1971 when she was in junior high. She hung around with a large group of friends that included John Kalak (not his real name—she asked that a pseudonym be used), who was one year older than her. In 1971, Perrier's family was posted to CFB Cornwallis, just outside of Digby in Nova Scotia. Perrier, then 16, was deeply saddened by the move, but, a few years later, thrilled when a newly orphaned 18-year-old—Pvt. John Kalak—arrived in Cornwallis for basic training. Their friendship turned into a romance that lasted for the four months of Kalak's induction, and continued when he moved to Halifax for further training. "He drove down from Halifax to see me every second weekend," says Perrier, now a human resources adviser at Ottawa with the federal ministry of natural resources. "It was wonderful. He even gave me a promise ring. That's how serious it was."

At the end of that summer, Perrier's family was to be transferred to Ottawa. She was looking forward to making the most of the few months they had left together. But one weekend in July, Kalak failed to arrive at her house. "I was devastated," says Perrier, who believed he had been dumped and out of a guy asked to track him down. "I spent the next 30 years wondering where he was."

What Perrier did not know was that Kalak had been in a car accident while driving to see her and ended up hospitalized in Halifax for several months. When he was released, Perrier's family had moved, and Kalak, equally miffed at her, did not try to



Greenfield (circled, top, and at home in North Bay, left) reunited his old hockey team, the Lahr Junior Canadiens



## COVER

locate her. In 1999, Petter's sister, Brigitte, told her about Gagne's Web site. "I freaked," says Petter, who immediately logged on, hoping to find Kalk. She found her own e-mail address on the site's "Lost Friends" section, asking anyone who knew Kalk's whereabouts to contact her.

No response. Then, in March of this year, Petter logged on to Gagne's site and saw Kalk's younger brother listed as a new entrant. She immediately e-mailed, and on March 16 received an e-mail from Kalk explaining what had happened 28 years earlier. They spent the next two months catching up on the telephone, pushing Petter's monthly bills to more than \$300. On May 17, Petter flew to Red Deer, Alta., where Kalk now lives and works as a purchasing manager at a hospital. Their reunion reignited Kalk's love affair with his life as it was before he was a soldier. And Petter? "The whole thing is like a movie," she says. "When I was telling the girls at work all day they were freaking out and crying. It's really something. Thank God for that Web site."

**R**ob Greenfield, a 46-year-old English teacher at Canadore College in North Bay, Ont., lived in Lahr from 1969 to 1972. His Junior B hockey team, the Lahr Junior Canadiens,

played 60 games a year across Europe, facing off against both the German and Dutch national junior teams. Then came the inevitable moves and old teammates lost touch. By the mid-1990s, though, Greenfield became consumed by a dream—to get his old team together again. The only stumbling block: "I had to find everyone," Greenfield says. He turned to the Internet for help, and, in 1998, to Gagne's Web site. By 1999, he had assembled a squad of 38 former Lahr Junior Canadians, from such disparate places as Halifax, Victoria and Los Angeles, who took part in an annual senior's hockey tournament in Kamloops, just outside of Ottawa. Their old coach, retired sergeant Ed Swain, was back behind the bench and the team even attracted a cheering section of some 30 women—former military brass known as the Honor Girls because they bore and bore. "It's a weekend to be 17 again," says Greenfield. "It's like reliving your youth."

**R**eliving your youth—and a wonderful youth it was. Gagne still fondly remembers bicycling through the medieval villages around Lahr. Those memorable times, he says, were partly made possible by the generous allowances given to soldiers living overseas. "My dad drove a Mercedes when we were over there," she says. "We could never live like that in Canada. Not as a military family. It was pure, but it wasn't like real life." Now, she says, to keep those memories alive, it's important for people to re-establish the relationships they've lost over the years. "What really got me in," she says, "is when people send me an e-mail saying they have been up all night in their pajamas, reading my Web site with tears in their eyes. Those are the best thank-yous." That, and the notion of lives and friendships rekindled. ■



## COVER

# Lahr's good old days

The city has seen tough times since the base closed

By JOEL BAGLOLE

**W**here troops once stood on guard, wind howls through broken windows. Winds jostle through the cracked sidewalk. It's a far cry from, say, the mid-1980s, when soldiers stationed at CFB Lahr were Canada's forward troops in NATO's battle to contain the Soviet Union. The base, near the French border in southwest Germany, was in a constant state of readiness as infantry battle groups and artillery brigades moved daily. The base's elementary and high schools, recreation center, grocery and sports stores bustled with activity. Now, since the collapse of the Soviet Union and Canada's decision to abandon the base in 1994, it has become little more than a ghost town.

There are still about 250 Canadians living in and around Lahr, a city of 42,000. Almost all are former military personnel, according to a spokesman at Canada House, a drop-in centre and museum dedicated to preserving the memory of CFB Lahr. Some stayed because they married Germans they met while stationed at the base. Others, like Herbert Bieder, 57, were simply reluctant to return to Canada. Bieder, who is married, receives a military pension and now works as a truck driver for a local German transportation company. "After 30 years, Germany became home," says Bieder, who is originally from Selkirk, Man.

Life in Lahr without the Canadian military presence has been a tough transition—for local Germans and former Canadian mil-



Mayor Mueller (circled) says that, along with jobs, Lahr lost the political clout it enjoyed as the home of a major NATO installation

lition, the artificial prosperity run by the Canadian army. There are also now a variety of new businesses at the airport and in the old buildings, ranging from a post-office distribution centre to law offices and a furniture manufacturer.

Memorials of the Canadian remain. Canada House throws a Canada Day party every July 1, and celebrates other Canadian holidays, including Thanksgiving and Victoria Day. For some, it is not enough. "It's depressing to go back," says Christopher Laugel. He grew up on the base, where his father was a civilian employee, and his parents still live in Lahr. Laugel, 29, a supervisor of airport operations with United Airlines in San Francisco, says: "Everything I know, everything I loved to do, is gone. I go back to see my parents now, but I don't go back to see Lahr anymore. It's changed too much." Those old dreams have it continues to change—for the better. ■

# DIEF AND DAY: A CAUTIONARY TALE

BY MARY JANDAN

There were always enemies, treacherous schemers, who were plotting to destroy him. They were big-city folks, easterners who wielded power with casual and brutal disregard for any Western outsider. But the real people, those folks that nobody respected except him, would defend him. The grassroots would save his job as leader of the party—and allow him to fulfil his destiny. "I have been assigned," he once thundered. "I have been condemned. Will it be the will of the people or those that are all-powerful?"

It is all eerily familiar, an oddity in time. The emboldened leader was John Diefenbaker, Conservative prime minister from 1957 to 1963, winner of two minority governments and one huge majority, finally ousted from his position as leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition in 1967 after two electoral defeats and a bitterly divisive party struggle. But the paranoia about enemies, the stance of defiance, outsider, the appeal to an opposed grassroots, the midborn yearning for power it could so easily be Stuckwell Day, leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, grasping only last week for the support that would keep him in control of the Canadian Alliance party even as disaffected MPs moved to establish their own Democratic Representative Caucus. "Both Diefenbaker and Day claimed that quibbles did not matter, other than the fact they had the confidence of humble, ordinary Canadians whose numbers were legion," mused former Tory party official Dalton Camp, who spearheaded an almost three-year drive to oust Diefenbaker. "Both knew who their people were: they were very tribal."

There was a time, of course, when the appeal of both Diefenbaker and Day stretched far beyond their Prairie populist roots. Was it only last year that Alberta's former premier, now 90, captured his party's leadership as a new and beguiling force? Diefenbaker, the eldest son of ragged Saskatchewan homesteaders, came later to power: the 64-year-old lawyer had been an MP for 17 years when he upset a tired Liberal administration with the electrifying promise to recapture "the vision and the idealism" of Canada's first prime minister, Sir John A. Macdonald.

True, the two men brought radically different ap-

Determined to hang on, Diefenbaker contested the leadership one last time. He was trounced



Although Day has called for a party vote, he has also indicated he may choose to run again

notes to office. Day is a university dropout, a Christian school ed misanthrope who bounced through jobs ranging from auctioneer and chicken peddler to oilfield worker before settling on a political career. A slightly leftist spender, he remains a fundamentalist outsider in a now-secular land. In contrast, Diefenbaker was a well-educated party woman with an abiding respect for Parliament and an unquenchable thirst. He drew his considerations from his German last name—and his Spurnan, small-town childhood. But his apolitical upbringing could never sway any jury around his flagging—and sagging crowd into his corner. "He was much brighter, more experienced and much more cunning than Stuckwell Day," says University of Toronto political scientist David Cameron.

It is political leaders that their fallings show striking parallels. During last fall's election campaign, Day constantly revised party policy, unilaterally amending and then re-amending positions on everything from health care to direct democracy. Although Diefenbaker spent tinkering visitors in campaigns, he could not visualize those dreams into a sustained plan of action. As the Cold War raged, as President John F. Kennedy flamed, he dithered over Canada's role in continental defense: should the nation accept

nuclear weapons on its soil? He sporadically espoused a quixotic attempt to reduce Canada's economic dependency on the United States through greater trade with Britain. A lifelong champion of civil liberties, Diefenbaker produced a bill of rights—but allowed the RCMP to continue an often-purge of suspected Communists. As political scientist Denis Smith observes in his landmark biography *Paper Tiger*, solid progress was doomed by Diefenbaker's "congenital caution, disorganization and shallow intellectual focus."

The similarities are arrogant in the two leaders' turbulent relationships with their own colleagues. Cabinet battles during Diefenbaker's tenure were awesome: in 1963, during a bitter argument over his reluctance to arm Bomarc nuclear missiles, there were shouts of "traitors" and "treacherous bastards," "sable-burgling, well-known and the resignation of defence minister Douglas Harkness. There were no subtleties in the Prime Minister's judgments, no shadings: MPs were either for or against him. He rarely attended caucus, expected absolute loyalty and classified dissent as treachery. "With his own paranoia he drove people away from him," says Senator Marjory LeBreton, a longtime activist who worked in his office and at party headquarters during those stormy years. "He made enemies of his dissidents much like Day is doing with his."

It is instructive to recall his fate. When Prime Minister Lester Pearson defeated him in 1963, Diefenbaker could scarcely contain his rage at his seeming sense of grievance. He was determined to return to power. But the aging lion was out of step with the Swinging Sixties, the German-Southwest descendants had difficulties with the concept of "two founding nations," the Prairie anglophile who tangled French could never grasp the balancing act of a true federation—or the pride and the purpose of Quebec's Quiet Revolution.

He ran out of rope. In early 1965, exasperated by Diefenbaker's inability to accommodate the new Quebec, MP Léola Baker asked party president Camp to consider a leadership convention. Because there was no automatic procedure for leadership issues, the wily Diefenbaker thwarted that move—and went on to lose the 1965 election. Camp knew that Diefenbaker could hold his by now largely Prairie-based caucus, instead, he used party executives to plot his coup at the 1966 general meeting. First, he defeated Diefenbaker's hand-picked candidate for president. Then, he pushed through a resolution for a leadership convention. Diefenbaker still refused to resign. At the last minute, he even drew his hat into the ring. He was trounced.

There are lessons here. Last week, Day asked the Alliance national council to call a leadership vote, and pledged to step down 90 days before the balloting. But he left open the possibility that he would run again. Surely the good of the party—that is, of the broader possible coalition of the party—should be put ahead of the ambitions of the leader. Both leaders were struck down by the necessity of pride. Says Smith today: "It is one of the endemic diseases of political leadership."

Should Stuckwell Day run in the upcoming Alliance leadership vote?

BY MARY JANDAN



Canada

# SUMMER IN THE CITY

In Montreal these days, it's *au revoir* to politics as the good times roll

By DENISOT AUBIN in Montreal

Seeing your own city featured in a big-budget, global-market Hollywood production starring Michel Brando and Robert De Niro is like seeing your star all made-up, hair-died and dressed-up in a fabulous costume at the mall. "Wow! Is that you?" After viewing *The Score*—the heist thriller also starring Edward Norton and Angela Bassett, which opened on July 13—I swear I wanted to move there. I already live here.

The movie was shot on location in Montreal last year, and nobody paid much attention at the time, despite the presence of gipsies on the set. Montreal has grown accustomed to the scenery. Crews of bawdy bodies taking over whole neighborhoods, blocking streets and overruling parking permits are the byproduct of a \$900-million-a-year film industry that places Montreal close behind Toronto and Vancouver in the march for the title of Hollywood North.

The surprise with *The Score* is that Montreal plays a starring role in the movie, a defining role. Montreal is the hideaway where De Niro, a semi-retired Yankee politician, lives a double

life as a part bar owner, in a perennially cool part of town, near the Bonsecours Market.

The decision to let the city be itself was unopposed, says André Laford, Montreal's film commissioner, whose job is to lure big-time shoots to town. The story was to be shot in Montreal, but the action was originally supposed to take place in San Francisco. "After a amazing tour, [director] Frank Oz and his team decided to rewrite the script on spec to locate the action in Montreal instead," says Laford.

As product placement goes, this is a coup of the magnitude of FedEx in *Castaway*, or BMW roadways in *James Bond* movies. Montreal comes across as the ultimate postmodern city, with just the right mix of cobblestones and highways. A destination both exotic and familiar, where American shops can drive big American grocery cars through lively, sun-drenched backyards, and snap their best while sipping single malts in swank cafes. Thank-you very much, Hollywood. "They didn't do that to be nice to us, of course," Laford says. "They played Montreal because they thought that would improve

*The city scene in the setting for Oz's and De Niro's film*

their product, and their chances of making money with it."

But what is the thing about the language? A scene early in the movie calls for Brando to walk into De Niro's bar complaining about the heat, the darkness, and then ordering extra ice cubes for his drink, all as clipped, *Late-20th-century French*. De Niro had no master enough performance to utter "Merica, was alien born? Alien Au revoir, madame?" to the charming *déjà-vue* lady who finishes his papers every morning.

No bilingual signs in Hollywood's Montreal. All is French. Kids playing in the park where De Niro and Norton Bush game while trading secret security codes can be overheard shouting in French.

Ah, how?

This is a Québécois wet dream come true. After 25 years of bad press for their efforts—sometimes childish or hard-fisted—to make their city sound and feel as French as the majority of its inhabitants are, they see Montreal celebrated for being even more French than it is in real life. So, is the word out that French is cool? A yes, and not a three-syllable?

That punter—the duo of Mount Royal—was duly noted in the Quebec media last week, of course, but nobody made a big fuss about it. The prevailing attitude was: "Aaaa, we're cool, whether they admit it or not, boy!"

Film commissioner Laford, a diplomat by trade, handles the national angle prudently. "The English-Canadians who come here to visit leave with a better appreciation of the city. But the others often leave a closed mind. They don't know Montreal well, and they seem to like their stereotypes about it. It is a refreshing contrast to see how the Americans react. They speak the same language but they aren't more open, more interested in what is going on here. The Quebec culture does not seem to accept them as much as it seems to accept some Canadians."

This apparent indifference to Hollywood's leaders by Montrealers—who are famously shut-outed about criticism, or even contempt about their city—is in part explained by the fact that the movie was released smack dab in the middle of the festival season. The monthlong period that sees such celebrations of Fête Internationale, and the later Canada Day, the Carifania parade, the jazz festival, the Just for Laughs-June pour Rire comedy festival, the Festival Nuits d'Afrique, the Francofolies and the *Weekend festival* in the bluish time when Montrealers are really absorbed in being cool and having fun.

In summer, Montreal lets its hair down, and it happens without the interference of other politics or movie-makers, which combine to make things more difficult the rest of the year.

Montreal enjoys a marvelous downtown block party in which everyone—locals and visitors, French-, English- or whatever-

spoken alike—is treated to a heady mix of artful entertainment, booze and crowds that many other cities have tried to copy, but few have duplicated.

Montreal is very much like Berlin, Sanjose or Beirut: complex cities, unable to say "we" in unison. Montreal is the only invisible French-Canadian city, but in English-language markets it roughly the size of Vancouver's, counting bilingual Montrealers. The city headquarters the universities and the federal- and financial both organizations. It needs *The Gleaner* and *La Presse*, which, sometimes, have very different takes on the same news. Montreal is a patchwork of small communities, of citizens who would probably never agree on anything else, if they spoke to one another.

But Montreal is not armed, which makes a up great part of its charm. Citizens rub elbows in parks and restaurants, share traffic jams, joke for parking spots, but usually let their politicians, pundits and media air their beefs and grievances for them. And



*The word's out in Hollywood that Montreal's cool—but falls at the jazz festival already have that*

when the pundits and politicians break for summer, Montrealers have a party.

One lesson that can be learned from Montreal's long and unbroken history, both seems to be lost on the Paris Québécois, is that, as matter who cross, this city is too big, too complex and too headbashed to be named, or to let itself be boxed or trapped into one simplistic definition of itself. Thus is what makes Montreal what it is.

Because it is French and in Quebec, Montreal is much less *Canadian* than other Canadian cities, but, bilingual and multicultural as it is, it is not as *Québécois* as Quebec City either.

So, the squabble will continue in earnest in soon as the kids go back to school. Bernard Landry will protest against Ottawa, and the Anglos in Montreal will protest against the *Péquignons* in Quebec City, because that is the way life is here.

What the summer fun season suggests, though, is that, after four difficult decades of political and cultural tensions, Montreal is coming together somehow, and is learning to live with itself.

Thus was, no doubt, the good vibe pulled up by the crew shooting *The Score*. ■



History

# BRIDGES TO OUR PAST

A heritage fair spins fresh views of Canada's history

BY KEN MACQUEEN

For 15-year-old Yellowstone student Louise Rarnichewicz, it was a fascination with the nursing sisters—who tended Canada's wounded soldiers as far back as 1899 in the Boer War—that brought her to the Historical Foundation of Canada's national heritage fair in historic Kamloops, B.C. For 11-year-old Amanda Goller of Wilkes, Sask., dressed in a beautiful blue

period costume, it was an opportunity to commemorate a participant in the Red Rebellion, her great-great-great-grandmother Christine Pilon.

For Fath-Kelmes, 13, of Edmonton brought a disarming stack of essays and legislative debates, which he and fellow student Zahid Padarmey, 15, had transformed into a study of of human rights legislation in Alberta, culminated with videotaped interviews with those who designed and enforce the 1972 Individual

*High school students help show that history is definitely not the stuff of the dusty decrees by the distinctly dull*

Rights Protection Act. Molly Rankin, 13, who attends school just outside Moncton, the Celtic music heart of Cape Breton Island, carried in a black case one of her most precious possessions: an heirloom fiddle given to her after the death in a car accident last year of John Morris Rankin, her famous father.

It's no exaggeration to say that for one July week in this sun-blasted city in central British Columbia, these students—665 of them—made history. They gathered from across the country, selected from 135,000 participants in local and regional heritage fairs, to display their projects at the sixth annual national event. If that conjures images of a beehive jumble of geeks, blame your teachers, not theirs. By the time those kids headed home last week, they'd cheerfully traded the notion that history is the stuff of the dusty decrees by the distinctly dull.

Historic, says billionaire businessman Charles Bronfman, one of its founders, is "concerned to bringing our history out of the shadows and into the mainstream."

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#### Icefields Parkway, through Banff and Jasper national parks, Alberta

Highway 93 is one of the world's greatest mountain drives. Cruising along it is like a trip back to the ice ages. The parkway climbs past glacier-carved peaks to the Columbia Icefield, a sprawling cap of snow, ice, and glaciers at the very crest of the Rockies.

#### The Sea to Sky Highway, British Columbia

Highway 99 from Vancouver to Lillooet takes you from a dramatic western pearl: glaciers, pine forests, and a waterfall that cascades from a mountaintop and through Whistler's majestic glacial mountains. The next leg of the four-hour drive winds up a series of switchbacks to the thickly forested Cayash Creek valley and on to the rugged mountains surrounding the Fraser River goldrush town of Lillooet.



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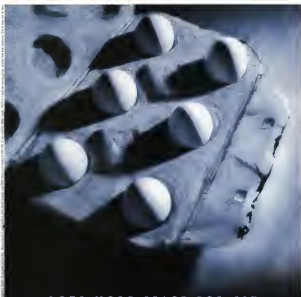
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Beaufort's CRB Foundation started the fun and has produced dozens of Heritage Minutes, the popular film vignettes of Canada's past. Historica, established in 1999, expanded the campaign with the financial backing of such business leaders as Lyneen (Red) Wilson, former chairman of BCE Inc., and John Cleggdon, chairman of the Royal Bank, along with former Alberta premier Peter Lougheed. Among its goals is ensuring history as a mandatory subject in school curricula beyond Grade 9. "History is our bridge from the past to the present," Historica executive director Tom Anworthy told the students. "Here in Karloos we see our future."

Later, LaPerte says he from the institute's twice-yearly historical quiz will inspire a "fundamentally" return to rote learning. "If a kid in Grade 9 or 10 can sit down and name the prime ministers of Canada from 1867 to 2001, it would be a sort of accomplishment, no doubt. But would it be of any value?"

Molly, the Dominion Institute's executive director Ruzhyn Griffiths replies from his Toronto office. Griffiths says the

must be another way of accessing our memory bank."

doing it is a duty to their country." History isn't dead, she adds, and it isn't a bunch of museums and boring things, or military campaigns and pieces of paper with writing on them. It's about people. It's about place. It's about life, really.

Molly Barlow's project is called "The Music Follows the Blood." It concerns her family's musical roots and includes, of course, music, lyrics and photographs of her father and the other members of the Barlows, arguably Cape Breton's most famous musical group. But in her carefully



Mixing the musical roots of family and island, Barlows (left) and MacDonald

shared family rise, she was pleased and surprised to find her paternal musical ability reached back generations.

It was, Molly concedes, a difficult project. Her father, a brilliant musician and composer, died in January, 2000, in a freak car accident. But the music endures—often, it seems the only thing sustaining an island long accused by the tough economics of mining and fishing. Molly flips through a photo album filled with other musical greats—MacMasters, Cameron, Besters, MacDonalds—

—their roots unmovable.

Beside her, at the Historica display in a Karloos sportsplex, is her friend Stephanie MacDonald. A 15-year-old also from the Mabou area, Stephanie offers her business card, which reads "The Dancing Fiddler." Her project means the history of the 28-year-old Cape Breton Fiddlers' Association. When her ancestors came from Scotland generations ago, Stephanie says, "they didn't have many possessions, so they took what was their greatest treasure, their culture, and, more importantly, their music."

Stephanie and Molly pick up their fiddles, and a red poem out, played with terrific Canadian grace. A crowd gathers in the sitting area, as it has for centuries in distant Cape Breton wherever bow twines string. A girl playing her father's fiddle, the music blending with that of her friend. Their story. Her story. History.

—their roots unmovable.

institute's survey reveals a troubling "culture of amnesia" that must be corrected by a common national curriculum, one based on historical fact. "I like to think of it as a children's mobile," he says, "it's what you hang the story of Canada on."

Most projects on display in Karloos celebrated events and people not recorded in history books. Instead, there are stories like that of Amanda Goller's relative, Christine Pless, a Louis Riel ally who later pressed Ottawa for damages suffered by the Métis. "This is more important to me," she says. "Dead prime ministers are part of everybody's life."

Joanne Tarnchewicz, about to enter Grade 10, persuaded the Canadian War Museum to lend her a traditional blue dress and white veil of the military nursing sisters. Their bravery and innovation anchored the role of women and of nursing, Tarnchewicz says, "and they weren't doing it as a female statement, they were

For more, visit [www.historica.ca](http://www.historica.ca)

# POLICING HATRED

By DEBORAH DUNDAS in Belfast

She came home from work on July 2 to find the contents of her apartment demolished. Microwave, television and dishes smashed—nothing stolen, just vicious destruction. For 23-year-old Clare, a Catholic resident of central Belfast who asked that her last name not be used, it was troubling development. While Catholics are often assaulted by Protestant teenagers who hurl stones, bottles and rocks and occasionally, it seems, even smash their homes, her neighbourhood had been actively peaceful. According to some residents, the vandalism was a sign that the flames of age-old enmities were being further fanned—with the Protestant-dominated Royal Ulster Constabulary standing idly by. "The police know this kind of thing happens and who does it," said one of Clare's neighbours as she surveyed the damage, "and they do nothing."

Officers of the police, and the integration of more Catholics onto their ranks, is one solution. But in the sectarian environment that in Northern Ireland—intensified by a wave of recent rioting and what some say is the failure of the 1998 Good Friday peace accord—nothing is simple. Under the terms of the accord, the Irish Republican Army agreed to decommitment—only if, among other things, the RUC, seen by many Catholics as nothing more than a paramilitary organisation, becomes a modern police force. So far, little is happening. Mervyn Gibbins, a Provisional IRA minister and former RUC officer, says that because the IRA has failed to turn in its weapons, a revamped RUC will be difficult to achieve because that would leave the Protestant community threatened. "If the IRA goes back to war," he says, "they'll be going back with a diminished police force, and the whole community would be vulnerable."

Welcome to NI Hutchinson's world—no decommitment without a reformed police force, no reformed police force without decommitment. It is far removed from Beacons, Ore., where he was born, and London, Ore., where he served three years as head of the RCMP's Ontario division. Since January, Hutchinson, 53, has been in Belfast as chief of staff for the Office of the Oversight Commissioner for Policing Reform in Northern Ireland. His task is to help oversee the implementation of the Patten Report, a collection of 175 recommendations on policing compiled by Chris Patten, the former British governor of Hong Kong, and incorporated into the Good Friday agreement.

As well as recommending greater integration of the RUC, Patten

A Canadian cop is helping oversee the tough job of bringing Northern Ireland's police force into the 21st century



The recent sectarian violence in Belfast underscored the old hatreds that Hutchinson (opposite, right), with RUC Assistant Chief Const. Tim Lewis (left) must try to overcome in his new post

wanted more civilian involvement and suggested the force become less militaristic. By monitoring the reform over the coming years, Hutchinson, who has an open-ended mandate, is an integral part of the RUC's efforts to drag itself into the 21st century by becoming a modern, integrated police force.

Good luck.

Tensions between the RUC and Northern Ireland's Catholics have always run high. Lately, they have been stretched to the breaking point, with men in Belfast that have left more than 120 police officers injured. The violence, which continued last week, peaked on July 12 when Protestants marched near Catholic neighbourhoods to celebrate past military victories over their rivals. Catholics took to the streets, venting their ire not only at the marchers but also at the RUC, which they say inadequately protects them—and sometimes provokes them.

The fighting came nearly a month of political turmoil. David Trimble, First Minister of the Northern Ireland Assembly, resigned on July 1 when the IRA issued yet another deadline to hand over its weapons. Britain and Ireland, the main sponsors of the agreement, have now established a deadline of Aug. 12 to achieve some form of decommitment. But there appear to be

little room for a compromise. Even a plan for the IRA to disarm from President George W. Bush, who was on a state visit to London last week, fell on deaf ears.

For Gerry Adams, the leader of the IRA's political wing, Sinn Féin, it came down to the accord—and the other side of the equation. His organization, Adams said, will never turn in its weapons until the RUC begins recruiting large numbers of Catholics. That demand finds wide support in Belfast's Catholic neighbourhoods. "Policing is the most urgent thing, even more than decommitment," says Brenda Smyth, a Catholic mother of five children who lives just two blocks from the site of the recent rioting. "If we had a proper police force, the Catholic people would have more faith. How would we feel if the IRA does not have any weapons to protect us?"

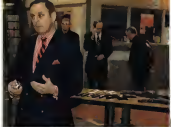
At Hutchinson's office in a low-rise yellow-brick building in a leafy Belfast suburb. On one wall is a plaque given to him by Toronto police Chief Julian Fantino when Hutchinson retired upon mutual commissions of the RCMP earlier this year. On another wall hangs a poem he found while browsing through a local antique store. It depicts nine English bobbies sitting on a bench, each with a pipe of bone. Its original title was *The Nine Pipes of the Law*. Hutchinson has renamed it *The Changing Face of Policing*—to remind him of the challenges he faces in his new work.

His first assignment in Northern Ireland was misleading. Before agreeing to take the job in December, Hutchinson and his wife,

Diouna, a retired schoolteacher, spent a week in Belfast. Aside from some research on the Internet, Hutchinson didn't know much about the place. "We were Christmas shopping in downtown Belfast," he says. "There was a joyous spirit, and it was hard to reconcile that with what I had just read about the Troubles over the past 30 years."

The couple, who have three grown children, are now settling into their new life—furnishing their apartment, seeing some of the sights, enjoying the beauty of the Irish coast and mountains. But Hutchinson acknowledges how dangerous his assignment is by refusing to say where in Belfast he and his wife live. And he doesn't have to look far to know that the odds of success are stacked against him.

Another Canadian, Gen. John de Chastelain, has spent the past six years trying to get the IRA and the Protestant paramilitaries to turn in their weapons—but so far has failed. And on July 12, Hutchinson was formally inducted into local politics when one prominent Protestant suggested that the two Canadians should bust out of Northern Ireland's affairs. This warning salvo came when Willie Ross, a former MP and leader of the Protestant Orange Order, blamed what he called the "vandalism" and peace process. "We got Patten, but we didn't get the IRA guns," he told a cheering crowd. He also criticized the "foreigners" who have



Bob Hutchinson and de Chastelain (left) have come under criticism

the Police Service of Northern Ireland. So far the reform process has met with modest success. A recent recruitment drive to fill 264 police positions garnered 8,000 new applicants—35 per cent of them Catholic. Hutchinson says he finds those numbers "encouraging." But that does not mean the imbalance in the 10,000-man force, which is 90-per-cent Protestant, will be redressed quickly. "It will take time," says Hutchinson. "For some time to take place."

At all cost, Hutchinson says, he must avoid becoming entangled in local politics. That was a problem de Chastelain ran into

in October when David Trimble challenged him to become more proactive. Coming from a Protestant politician, the subject was clear: lean on the IRA. That, however, would be damaging because it would create mistrust on the Catholic side. "Our mandate is clear in the legislation," he says. "We're not here to talk about politics, we're not here to talk about who does what. We're here to deconstruct arms."

But just as de Chastelain has learned, the deep mistrust between Protestants and Catholics may make it difficult for Hutchinson to do his work. Gibson spends for many Protestants when he says the IRA must blink. On the other side of the divide is Brenda Smyth, who says policing is the issue, not the IRA. When McMahon visited her recently, the yard behind her house was littered with bricks and bottles that had been thrown over her fence from the Protestant street sharing her property. A swing set painted bright blue sat amid the broken glass. "I've lived in this house for 23 years," she says, "and it still does not feel like mine."

A city councillor helped her get a so-called peace line—a four-meter-high fence of corrugated steel—erected on top of her back yard fence. But it hasn't stopped bottles, bricks and the odd petrol bomb from being launched over it. Smyth has complained to the police but says, "They might as well not be here. Catholicism isn't important to them." Somehow, so sacred, Hutchinson will have to bridge this huge gulf—with few tools to work with. In any case, he says, it's the prevailing through-diplomacy. "Moral suasion," he adds, "is the mechanism and our only power." And, perhaps, his only hope. ■

With few tools to work with, Hutchinson says, 'Moral suasion is our only power'

come to Ireland to help implement the Good Friday agreement—a direct dig at Hutchinson and de Chastelain.

Hutchinson first learned of the chief of staff opening last fall, while attending the International Chiefs of Police Conference in San Diego. One of the keynote speakers was Tim Conroy, the former director of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, and, since May 2000, the overnight commissioner for policing reform in Northern Ireland. Conroy, who is based in Albany, N.Y., was looking for a chief of staff who would be, effectively, his eyes and ears on the ground. "I've pursued the history and the challenges," says Hutchinson. "He told it so eloquently I was captivated."

The more Hutchinson looked into the job, the more fascinated he became with the politics, the people and history of the RUC. Until 1922, when Ireland gained its independence, the entire country was policed by the Royal Irish Constabulary. After partition, six counties within the province of Ulster remained British and became what is now Northern Ireland. The RUC was formed from the RIC to police that territory. But policing soon came to mean one overriding activity: fighting the IRA when it began a renewed offensive against both British rule and Northern Ireland's Protestant majority in the 1960s.

In spite of that bloody past, Hutchinson remains undeterred. After five months on the job, he and his co-member team are putting together a report, to be released in September, on the pace of change within the police force, which will be retrained

# There are no fleas on Mars.



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# Finding Mr. Nepean

A Sierra Leonean town's benefactor comes forward



By JULIAN BELFRAME in Ottawa

They call him Mr. Nepean. The July 9 edition of *Michael* first named a story about the Nepean Stars soccer team in Sierra Leone named after a notorious Canadian who has given them and their town of Bo so much. But after reading the article, an acquaintance told Des Guey she had little doubt who it referred to. "They must be talking about you," it couldn't have been anyone else. Guey, 75, a retired independent building contractor from the former Ottawa suburb of Nepean, has been teaching lives in Bo since 1984 when he visited the impoverished town of 30,000 on what was essentially a mission of mercy. He had intended to tour drought-stricken sub-Saharan Africa to see what he could do. His first stop was in Bo, in the interior of Sierra Leone, and he went no farther. "There was so much need, I knew I didn't need to go on," he says.

He also knew he needed Bo as much as it needed him. Most of the townpeople, he recalls, had virtually nothing—no electricity, no running water, few medicines, few tools; they were ill fed, ill clothed and with-

out hope. After 40 years spent running his business, and raising seven children, Guey had achieved a level of financial independence. But he wanted to make a difference in the world, and in Bo he saw

the ultimate development project. So he came back home and went to work. He spoke to church congregations, schools and community groups, recruited volunteers, budgeted Nepean councilors into visiting. Bo with their community—this was before it became part of the amalgamated Ottawa—established the Nepean Outreach to the World charitable foundation, and applied for federal government grants.

With \$15,000 of his own money and a \$20,000 grant from the Canadian International Development Agency, Guey flew back to Bo in 1990 and asked the locals what they wanted most. Their answer: a new market where women could sell fruit, vegetables and wares, and that could serve as the social centre for the town. It would replace a market so overcrowded it couldn't serve the needs of the community. The project, which took two years to com-

plete, couldn't have suited the former contractor better. It still stands today. But Guey is also remembered in Bo for the Nepean Stars First Division soccer squad, which came about because of his gift of soccer balls—and dozens of jerseys bearing the word Nepean. "They had no balls," he remembers, "they were just kicking around anything that looked like a ball." In a *Michael* interview, Roy Coombes, the squad's coach, said the team has kept his young players from the churches of rebel forces in the war-ravaged nation, and fed them with a dream of one day making it to the big leagues. "In a country like Sierra Leone," he said, "it is even dangerous not to dream, because it is reality that drives boys into the claws of the rebels."

Over the years, Guey has made more than a dozen trips to Bo, each time bringing some form of aid. Dental equipment and dentists to train the locals, medicines, used computers, bicycles, rakes and shovels, clothing—whatever he can get his hands on. "When I'm there, they camp out at my front door early in the morning to be at night with a lot of what they want," he says. "We do the same if we were in their place."

Although Guey hasn't been back in two years, he hasn't stopped helping Bo. The Nepean Outreach organization, with 35 active members, is still sending supplies to the townpeople. And Guey is working on another development project—an orphanage for children who lost their parents to the war. Last year, seven Sierra Leone youths attending a conference at Carleton University claimed refugee status. They went to Guey. He put them up in his own home and is now helping them obtain landed immigrant status. "They're going to be Canadians one day," he says.

Despite all he's done, Guey believes he's received as great a gift: "I had a road-to-Damascus conversion," he says of the change in his life after seeing Bo for the first time. In a sense, both have been transformed by the meeting.



Guey, pictured in Bo in 1990 (top) and as he was, wanted to help

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Condy comes under scrutiny as Levy (below) remains missing

World

## Season of Sleaze

By CLAYD M. SHEDDEN

By whippersnappers and their by-stands, the word spread quickly throughout Washington one morning last week: Condy's an IVF! And so, in office after office in the capital, suddenly reasonable people in business suits—the sort who defend utility companies in arcane regulatory hearings, who negotiate trade deals with executives in Asia and, yes, who write sober analyses of political trends—crowded around television to catch a glimpse of... Congressman Gary Condy, Democrat from California, sitting with his startled-shirt colleagues in a routine meeting of the house committee on agriculture, where the subject today just was such issues as price supports for sugar crops, subsidies for grain exports and export assistance for corn producers.

Every Washington summer has its spectacle, and this year's is more important than Wiggles, more timely than Mittos and, possibly, more tragic than White House. In the outer subregion, the only thing that was lost was innocence. This summer—which inevitably will be remembered as the Chandra summer—a young woman is missing.

At the center of the action is Chandra Levy, a 24-year-old intern. She hasn't been

seen since April 30. Plus, she was having an affair with Condy. Who, it turns out, also had an affair with a flight attendant. And maybe some others. Levy's bags were packed, her identification left behind in her apartment just before her disappearance—but week's latest new revelation—the apparently had been on MyQuest, an Internet site used by the mobile or the strictly bored. You still with me?

I hope so, because I haven't yet mentioned the corpse-stuffing boards, the computer-generated images of what she would look like if she coloured her hair, cut it or wore it in a pigtail, or that the congressman, who has not been charged with anything, once ran for office as a moral leader (quote: "A good example").

Washington is a city of snafus, but right now nobody's much interested in the other stories around town, like the threat of new budget deficits, the fiery-thirty-year-between Russia and China or even the money controversy of the last carla (spelled) the other and well-meaning report recommending ways to avoid embassies like the last woman's election in Florida. Staid is the center of Congress-

The Chandra chase is, in its own, potentially horrifying: few people expect her to step safely off the Delta Shuttle some afternoon. And yet there are elements of it all that are oddly comforting. Chandra's family is represented by Billy Martin, who once advised Monica Lewinsky's family.

When Condy took his helicopter ride, the man who explained the event was none other than Albe Lowell, whose last war torn was in the house judiciary committee's hearings on the impeachment of Bill Clinton. Washington doesn't only preach full employment, it practices it.

Fuelling it all are two toxic substances in Washington: the Internet and the intern network. The Chandra episode has spawned a e-mail exchange that, once they recently, agreed 145 separate messages—mostly on conspiracy theories—into computers all around town. And thousands of interns are at work stuffing envelopes on Capitol Hill, working copying machines at the various departments, collating documents at the Pentagon, but mostly gossiping about Chandra. She may be lost, but in Washington is lost, Chandra Levy is everywhere. ■

A story of sex and intrigue is the talk of Washington



David M. Sheddman is the Publisher-Prior-winning Washington Post staff of The Boston Globe.



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# TURN UP THE MUSIC

By KATHERINE MACKLEM

**D**enise Donlon looks to the floor beside her upholstered pale gray armchair, searching for something. She sees, in a waning-giggy, lightweight suit in a darker tone with a white corset top. She's looking classy and well poised. She's just been reminded that she's often called a cheerleader due to her role as Canadian music promoter extraordinaire—and, not finding what she's looking for, she lets her trademarked cheer laugh. The joke, it turns out, is at her own expense as she reveals, with rock relief, what she was proceeding to knap for: "I'm a bit old for the ponypom."

The image of the 45-year-old Donlon doing jumping jacks and cartwheels is a bit of a joke. (Not that she'd be incapable—the look is though she could still perform a half-dozen cartwheels.) But while Donlon sees it as her job to promote Canadian musicians, she gets her ya-ya out a lot differently. And with a lot more respect.

Even before she took the helm at Sony Music Canada last November, Donlon was one of the most powerful people in Canada's music business. She was the frontline personality at MuchMusic, the music-video channel broadcast into seven million Canadian and almost 40 million U.S. households. At Much, she could make or break a performer's career, and is credited with launching those of many well-known Canadian acts, including Jani Arden, the Bernadette Sisters, Moss and the Tragically Hip. The recipient of countless awards and accolades, Donlon is one of the handful of Canadians who form the framework of the music business in Canada, says Brian Robertson, head of the Canadian Recording Industry Association. "She's played a tremendous role."

As president at Sony, Donlon is now in a position not only to make or break careers but to create them—and launch artists out into the world. "It is most encompassing in a lot of ways because you can really start at ground zero," she says. The Sony label in Canada, which includes on its roster such acts as Celine Dion, Leonard Cohen and Our Lady Peace, vies for second place—behind Universal Music Canada and its 30-per-cent market share—with Warner Music Canada and EMI Music Canada. The label is, of course, part of the Tokyo-based entertainment conglomerate Sony Corp., which boosted last year's profit of \$90 billion. Revenue figures aren't broken out by country, but industry stats show that Sony holds roughly 15 per cent of a \$726-million pie in Canada—a pie that is shrinking, due to the ever-growing popularity of online music downloads.

Donlon's key mission, as she sees it, is to capitalize on her company's global muscle. She says she's building relationships

with her Sony colleagues around the world so that when the new "real deal" emerges here, it can shine globally. "Our job and our role, as a major label, is to find the talent, nurture it and get it up to bat," Constant says from Sony's current stance, she says, is the "undeniably good" Jarvis Church, also singer Gerald Egan from the Toronto-based sextet Philosophical Kings, who is set to release a solo CD. Project X, a new band that does "pumping hip-hop mixed with hard-core, live guitar riffs and beats," according to its promo material, is just about to release single *Emergence*. Her friend And Amanda Marshall's second album, *Twisted Child*, is, Donlon says, "emerging."

The success of Canadian artists is partly a function of this country's expansive geography. Donlon declares: "Musicians cross Canada 10 times in broken-down vans, you know, across the snow-covered plains, so small and, hopefully, ever-increasing audiences," she says. And then she gets into a riff of her own. "You know, you play your gig, you get in the bus, you drive drive drive drive, you get off, you do some press promotion, you'll you know, do your gig, get back on the bus, drive drive drive drive—ummm, so yeah, you have to have the heart and legs for it," she says. "So when they get up to bat, they generally be a run."



In Sony's stable are (clockwise from lower left) Marshall, Dion, Cohen, Our Lady Peace's Meade and Robertson



Can you change the world? Donlon, who has moved from television to adding it

## Sony's Denise Donlon, a onetime roadie, knows something about talent

With roads on her CV, Donlon knows firsthand what it's like to tour with a band. Don't advance work for little-known artists, she says, the curse to the creation of *Mosses Zanussi*, founder of Toronto's CityTV and one of the mavericks behind MuchMusic. "The thing, that's obvious and remarkable about her is her rage," he says. "It's rare to find someone who has the understanding of a performer and is still a good administrator." Zanussi hired her for Much in 1985 as the *Backlist* *New* archivist, but she soon graduated to host/producer of a music and pop-outlet show called *The Newblood*. By 1997, Donlon was running the place and given the role of vice-president and general manager.

Donlon has not been afraid to be political, or to put issues she considers important in front of young viewers. Issues such as literacy for which she developed *The Covers*, a program that asked rock stars about the role books played in their lives. "Donlon has made a much bigger contribution than many would ever guess," says broadcaster and journalist Peter Gzowski, a

friend and fellow literacy fund-raiser and advocate. Much viewers were, in her words, "a very young audience, very willing to be gay and really built with that I-can-change-the-world kind of dream," and she wanted to tap into that energy. She introduced election coverage to Much, and got to pique leaders' questions that included her audience's real names—Does Stockwell Day know who is the Red Star Study? Would Joe Clark allow his children to go to a rave?

A year ago, Donlon joined doctors Samantha Naeff and Eric Hoshaka, of the Ottawa-based humanitarian group *Wie Child* Canada, on a trip to Sierra Leone, where she visited a refugee camp with 50,000 refugees, many of them children. "It was life-changing, as you can imagine," she says. Much was a founding sponsor of the group and now, Sony is involved. Recently two of Sony's recording artists, Chantal Kreviazuk and her husband, Raine Maida of Our Lady Peace, went to Sierra Leone on a separate trip, again with *Wie Child* Canada (they're visiting Iraq on a journey Naeff and Hoshaka chronicled for *Afterlife* in February). "You don't have to do it in a big grand way every day, but you can make it ways that are consistent," Donlon says. "You can change the world with music."

That may very well be true. Yet it's certain it is that the music world is itself in the midst of dramatic change. The domestic in-



Among the acts Dionne helped launch were Jonas Arden (far left), the Tragically Hip's Gord Downie and the Beloved's Lesley

## Dionne admits she taped songs off the radio as a kid, but music downloading, she says, is 'stealing'

disney has never been stronger—Canadian artists Alanis Morissette, Shania Twain, Sarah McLachlan and Dion have brought global sales. But the Internet, and its capacity to deliver copyrighted music for free, has weakened heretofore the business. "The industry has been on a roller-coaster ride for the last two or three years," says Robertson of CRIA. Via Napster and now its knock-off cousins, music listeners can download music from their computers, making CDs a little less cool. And Canadians are doing it more than just about everyone else—a fact Dionne is acutely aware of, especially in meetings with her Sony counterparts from other countries. "I go, 'Hey, we work,'" she jokes, her fist punching the air. "We're really doing it," she laments.

Along with the Internet, Canadians are at the top of the list—76 per cent of 18-to-24-year-old Internet users download music files, according to polling firm Ipsos-Reid. The United States is sixth, at 73 per cent. One reason Canadians are out in front is that this country is highly wired. 31 per cent of Internet households have a high-speed connection to the Web, more than twice the percentage of U.S. homes. "The numbers are stunning," Dionne says. "Are we using a lot? Absolutely."

The hit has seriously affected sales. Figures for Sony Music Canada are not made public but industry-wide numbers show CD purchases began to decline last year, and then took a steep dive in 2001. In May, CD sales were down 20 per cent from the year before, according to CRIA. At the same time, sales of CD-Rs, the blank CDs used to record new material, are on a dramatic upswing. In 1999, 45 million were sold in Canada; last year, the number rose then doubled to 95 million.

The association is projecting 130 million for this year. The technology advances came fast and furious, says Robertson. In response, the industry now is "playing catch-up" with plans for an online subscription service, he says. This fall, two industry-backed online delivery systems will be available: MusicNet, a joint effort from AOL, Time Warner Inc., Bertelsmann AG and EMI Group; and Promixy, owned jointly by Sony and Vivendi Universal, parent of Universal Music Canada. Promixy will offer both a subscription service—for a monthly fee, music lovers will have access to a listening library—and direct downloading, in which consumers will be able to buy and keep a piece of music.

For Dionne, the issue is not about recording-industry revenues

"Having creators compensated for the work they do is an issue we need to champion," she says. "We have to have an actual conversation about intellectual copyright and how we're all stakeholders in this." A lot of people don't equate downloading copyrighted music for free with walking into a store, putting a CD under their coats and walking out, she says. "It is the same," she asserts, her voice turning edgy. "It is stealing."

Dionne admits that, as a 13-year-old, she, too, made her own cassette, taped off the radio. Education, she says, is part of the answer. "People want their artists to be able to continue to put food in their mouths so they can continue to make records," she says. Another part is, in her words, "simple human experience." She recalls how time-consuming it was for her to make her cassette and how she'd regularly clip off the ending. "You know, I listened awhile—a month—until I got bored and it was no more work. And I'd never actually own the piece of work."

Sony Music Canada, where the works were made, is located at a sprawling property in the suburban northern end of Toronto. The building includes a manufacturing operation, state-of-the-art studios, writing labs, a lounge—a bar for the broke-out crowd—and the weekly days of Dionne's career. After office is a spacious, a living room-style setup of chairs and a sofa at one end, an imposing wall of black shelving behind the cork desk at the other. Photos of rock stars and movie stars, including one of Julia Roberts going Dionne a la, line the wall. A skylight sheds natural light onto the mural scene of gray and cream. It has the trappings of a major success. But Dionne, who's been hanging around musicians her whole adult life—she's married to one, Canadian singer-songwriter Murray McLachlan, and she has a nine-year-old son—eschews the star scene for herself. She has said she doesn't fit into the accolades. She clearly takes her work seriously, but not herself.

She readily admits the film life is an impostor on her arrival at Sony. "Oh, completely, yeah. The learning curve is steep," and then she pokes fun at herself again. "I can tell you a lot of things about polycarbonate rain composites." That, and just about everything else that goes into making music.

Do you think it's ethical to download music from the Internet without paying for it?  
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## Tech Explorer

### Watch your back

Most people don't give their back much thought, at least not until it goes out on them in one of those defining moments of middle age. But children are hardly immune. In recent years, studies have shown that kids risk muscle strain and spinal injury by carrying excessively heavy backpacks to school. A study cited by the American Chiropractic Association says 96 per cent of children aged 8 to 12 carry backpacks to school, with one-third doing so unopposed. Often the weight forces the child to hunch over, or lean awkwardly to the side if the pack is carried unilaterally over just one shoulder. Enter RukGear backpacks by Targus Ltd. of Anaheim, Calif.

RukGear offers a lineup of ergonomic backpacks designed to distribute the load evenly. The stylish pack, priced from \$40 to \$120, has an internal adjustable rack. The hard plastic frame features a 15-degree angle, which helps disperse the weight of heavy textbooks. (The further under the risk of injury, health and wellness caution people loading packs to keep the percentage at below 10 per cent of their body weight.) Two of the five RukGear models we designed for adults and feature



The RukGear pack distributes weight

padded compartments for laptops. Stan Gorskyński, a board member of the Canadian Chiropractic Association, likes the RukGear design because the weight is shared by the shoulders, spine and waist. "It distributes the weight quite evenly across the back," says Gorskyński. "That's a good thing."

## RoboDino

Filmmaker Steven Spielberg has arguably done the best job of re-creating how dinosaurs looked and moved in his *Jurassic Park* trilogy. But researchers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology may one day give Spielberg's celluloid dinos a run for their money. At MIT's Leg Lab, scientists recently completed work on 'loopy,' a robot dinosaur about the size of a turkey (equipped with 16 joints and 36 sensors. 'Loopy' walks on two legs, keeping its balance with a system embedded in the robot's ear. Springs connected to motors give the joints a certain degree of elasticity, making 'loopy's' movements quite lifelike and allowing it to navigate through unexpected changes in terrain.

The next step is to build a robot about 50 per cent bigger and perhaps with the ability to run. Engineers hope to improve on raggedness for use some day in an interactive museum exhibit. Videos of 'loopy' walking can be found at [www.mit.edu/leglab/english/loopy](http://www.mit.edu/leglab/english/loopy) under Our Robots.

Dezlyle Harnish

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# Leaping into the Limelight



By Brian Bergman

*Edmonton isn't the end of the world—but you can see it from there*

—Ralph Klein, then mayor of Calgary, in a 1988 speech



when politicians—befitting a city set where the prairie purports to yield to the foothills and Rocky Mountains beyond. Reason? Only to those who think Canada is no more than a collection of cities huddled near the American border. *Cold? Yes, Edmonton* wears can be harsh, but the other three seasons are often glorious and the growing season is actually longer here than in more southerly Calgary. *Monsoons? Well, OK.*

But defining features? As this is being read, Edmontonians are in the midst of a series of summer celebrations—including the annual Folk Music Festival, International Fringe Theatre Festival and Heritage Days multicultural fair—all of them among the most successful and well-attended events of their kind in Canada. Moreover, residents are preparing to do what, arguably, they do best: stage a massive, volunteer-driven international sports event that will again draw the eyes of the world to Canada's most northerly

Smith (left) sees an opportunity to attract worldwide attention to his city. For athletes like Russell (below), this is a rare chance to perform in Canada.

major city. This time, it's the 2006 World Championships in Athletics, a 10-day track-and-field extravaganza opening on Aug. 3.

Edmonton has been down this road before. In 1978, the city hosted the Commonwealth Games, followed five years later by the World University Games (otherwise known as the Universiade). But as significant as those events were, they're dwarfed by the world track-and-field championships, which began in 1983 and are held every two years. This is the first time they are being staged in North America. While track-and-field events tend to fly below the average North American sports fan's radar, they have huge appeal in the rest of the planet. Millions of television viewers worldwide—governments claim it will be in the billions, conservatively—are expected to take in at least some of the Edmontonian games. Athletes from 200 countries are participating, and 3,600 international media will be on hand to record their accomplishments.

Edmonton Mayor Bill Smith can barely contain his excitement at that prospect. "There will be millions of people," he enthuses, "who never heard of Edmonton, and it will be stamped on their memories, forever, that the first world championships in North America

were held in Edmonton. My God, we could never afford to buy that kind of publicity!"

The world championships also promise to put a new focus on track and field—and, in the case of Canadian athletes, at least, provide a chance to put their disappointing performance at last year's Summer Olympics in Sydney behind them. For American names Maurice Greene and Marion Jones—respectively, the world's fastest man and fastest woman—it's a chance to compete close to home. That perhaps explains why the two sponsors waived their normal \$75,000 appearance fee when they came to Edmonton this spring for a two-day publicity tour on behalf of the event. "It's not always about the money," Greene told reporters. "It's important to promote the only world championships ever in North America." Jones, who won a stunning five Olympic medals, including three gold, in Sydney, agreed. "This is the largest track-and-field event I'm going to experience in North America," she said. "It's not the United States, but it's the next best thing."

Canada's own track man also vied the Edmonton games as a unique opportunity. Donovan Bailey secured the right to compete at the world by winning the 100-m sprint at the Canadian Championships held in Edmonton June 22 to 24.

**For 10 days as host of the world's biggest track-and-field competition, Edmonton really will be the City of Champions**



He did so despite a back-sprain injury that left him wobbly leaping between the qualifying heat and final race. Bailey, 33, says his run in Edmonton next month will be his last race before retiring. *Glenn Davis, 34*, who did not run in the Canadian championships due to an injury that was making a medical bye to the world, may be marking the end of his career as well. Following his bid run in Edmonton, Bailey was asked why he'd bother contending the world when he was hurt and running well behind his career best. He shrugged, suggesting the answer was simple. "The only reason," he said, "is that it's at home and it's my last year."

Track was not the only sport for which the 2006 championships hold special significance. Perhaps because of lingering memories about their city as other parts of Canada, such international athletic events—and sports in general—are a particular source of pride for Edmontonians. I should know. I grew up in west Edmonton, not



that far from where The Mall that Are a City now sits. While I was in my early 20s, the Edmonstone Eskimos won five straight Grey Cups—a record still unmatched by any other team in the Canadian Football League. The Edmonstone Oilers quickly followed up that feat by winning the Stanley Cup over seven years—little wonder given a roster that included Mike Moffat, Phil Coffey, Jim Kerr, Glenn Anderson, Kevin Lowe, Grant Fuhr, Andy MacKay and, at the top of that embarrassment of talents, Wayne Gretzky.

Swier says American fans might not have known where Edmonstone was, but they knew we had the best players—and perhaps even the best team—in the history of the sport. Then came the fateful day—Aug. 3, 1988—when Oilers owner Peter Pocklington sold Gretzky to the Los Angeles Kings and the Great One went as a sportsman looked on again. I remember being in a daze; not a few hours later, finding out I was it. A while. Another round, boys, the dream is over.

By then, I was a visitor in my home town. I had left Edmonstone two years earlier to live in Yellowknife, followed by stints in Toronto, Halifax and now—yes, I confess—Calgary. During those years, Edmonstone fell on hard times. In the early 1990s, Ralph Klein's Conservative government launched dramatic spending cuts to stay the provincial deficit, and the Alberta capital lost the biggest hit, Calgary, meanwhile, which had already ousted Edmonstone by hosting the 1988 Winter Olympics, blossomed into Canada's second largest center for head office and earned lavish praise in the national media as the "town of the New West." Edmonstoneians lived on with wounded pride, and envy.

But times have changed. Fuelled in part by the massive investment in the oilfields reserves of northern Alberta, Edmonstone is now leading the country in economic growth among major cities. One thing that hasn't altered, though, is the city's passion for sports. In 1988, Edmonstone declared itself the "City of Champions." It's a moniker that still resonates among outsiders—especially Calgarians—as a grating and provocative. But it fits. The tradition of winning sports stretches back to the early part of the 20th century, when a women's basketball squad, the Edmonstone Grads, dominated that sport for the 25 years of their existence, winning 500 of the 522 games they played and emerging victorious in demonstration competitions at four successive Olympic Games. In the 1950s, the Eskimos, quarterbacked by Jackie Parker and (Bram Alberts) punter Don Carney, won their first string of Grey Cups. And while major Edmonstone and Oilers squads failed to revive the glory days of the 1970s and 1980s, they have remained among the most exciting and competitive teams in their respective leagues.

As one visits the records in Edmonstone, the city's rich sports legacy is never far from the surface. Smith, who played halfback for

the Eskimos from 1956 to 1963, likes to tell the story of meeting brilliant businessman Li Ka-shing in Hong Kong. "There's two things he asked me about," says Smith with a smile. "Wayne Gretzky and Wier Edmonstone Mall." (That's that mall again.) Adds the mayor: "What does he know about hockey? Probably not much. But he knows about Gretzky, the Oilers and Edmonstone."

High Campbell has a few more wrinkles and a bit less hair than he did when he coached the Eskimos to five straight Grey Cup victories. But Campbell, 60, who later served as the team's general manager and is now in president, still owns the same homespun and self-effacing manner. He speaks wistfully of his strong friendships in the city's sporting fraternity (even if his comrades regard him as being the volunteer chair of richer sales for the 2001 world championships). Those personal ties convinced him to stay in the city after his coaching days were over. "Believe me, I'm not that talented, but I could make more money somewhere else," he says. "But it's fun to be in a city where sports are important."

Fair—and, at times, stressful. Both Campbell and Kevin Lowe, now the Oilers' general manager, agree that Edmonstone has high expectations of their sports franchises. Lowe, a former all-star defenceman who played 15 seasons for the Oilers, believes Edmonstone's sports prowess has a lot to do with its long-standing rivalry with Calgary for the Oilers. In addition, the pressure to perform well is a positive thing. "It's what sports teams do in Edmonstone—they put you."

Edmonstoneans also like to share whenever the international spotlight is on them. Jack Agnew, an Edmonstone lawyer and chair of the 2001 World Championships, says the city's track record is best of the Commonwealth Games and the Universiade played a major role in its winning bid for the New Delhi and Stanford, Calif. The world's community spirit was evident again last fall when organizers put out a call for volunteers. "We needed around 6,000 people," recalls Agnew. "In a seven-day period, we had something like 14,000 applicants. We finally just had to shut it down."

The worldwide being staged on a \$125-million budget, with \$80 million from the federal, provincial and municipal governments and the rest from sponsorship and ticket sales. The biggest single expenditure: \$40 million for new and improved athletic facilities, including a \$23-million facility for the Eskimos' home venue, Commonwealth Stadium, where the major competitions will be held. An analysis done for the 1976 bid team estimates the games will generate \$387 million in economic activity, with \$157 million flowing to the Edmonstone area and \$65 million to Calgary. Because some track and field events have a low profile in North America, organizers are trying to educate spectators about the

## Community spirit is strong. Organizers needed 6,000 volunteers; 14,000 applied



Tanks is one of several Canadians with medal hopes



Like the Olympics, the world championships attract the sport's biggest names, including American sprint star Justin (right)

sports. Typically, up to five events are under way at any one time, often making it difficult to follow what is happening. In Edmonstone, two large video screens, one for track and the other for field competitions, will help fans stay focused, and allow for both live-action and replays. As well, the stadium announcer will alert the audience to performances by world-record holders and Olympic champions and provide background on their fans. "Track pants don't need this information but when do," says competition director Paul Hardy. "At the end of this, hopefully people will say, 'I've found a new sport that I really love,' and this will have a trickle-down effect across Canada."

In fact, organizers and competitors alike are banking on the Edmonstone event to boost the fortunes of track and field on this continent. Hardy, a London, Ont., native who spent a dozen years in Europe working for the International Amateur Athletic Federation, says this is an especially crucial juncture for athletics in Canada. "Unfortunately, most of the news generated out of Sydney was negative," notes Hardy. "This is our chance to turn the corner." Those sentiments are echoed by Len Gromatich, Canada's national track-and-field coach. "We have to attract some young guys," he says. "Some of our spectators who have ceased the team recognition for us are now going to be around track longer."

While there may be dark days for Canadian track and field,

both Hardy and Gromatich believe there are several young Canadians capable of generating excitement—and medal performances—in Edmonstone. Among the athletes to watch, they say, are darts thrower Jason Turler, 26, who ranks fourth in the world in his sport, runner Kevin Sullivan, 27, who had a strong showing in Sydney and is currently ranked sixth in the 1,500 m, and high jumper Mark Boswell, 23, who won silver at the last worlds in Seville, Spain.

For all of that, the Edmonstone games are proving a tough sell beyond Alberta's borders. Only about seven per cent of the ticket sales are coming from other provinces and territories, and 15 per cent from the rest of the world. By comparison, Edmonstone accounts for 67 per cent of ticket sales, with other Albertans picking up the remaining 11 per cent. Perhaps more troubling is the fact that, as of last week, nearly a quarter of the available seats—or about 100,000 tickets—remained unsold for the 10-day event, including 8,000 for the opening ceremonies. That leaves some observers fearing that all those TV cameras trained on Commonwealth Stadium may be panning some sparsely filled stands.

My friends? Come August, most of those seats will be filled, by local residents. When civic pride is on the line, Edmonstoneans can usually be counted on to run for the gold. ■

Edited by Skanda Dutt

## PIED PIPER PERABO

**P**iper Perabo is a big sister. On the set of *Cape Uge*, her 2000 hit film, Perabo's companion was Anna Karenina. "It was one of the first times I enjoyed having around my big doctress," says the 23-year-old actor. "I'd be time to dance and sing drinks and I'd say, 'OK, just let me read a little more and then I'll be ready.'" While filming her latest movie, *Lost and Delirious*, at Bishop's University in Lennoxville, Que., Perabo would slip into the school's library stacks between takes. Yet Perabo hasn't read Canadian author Susan Swan's *The Wives of Rob*—which is strange only because *Lost and Delirious*, which also stars Montreal actress Jessica Paul, is based on Swan's 1995 novel. Perabo explains that since the film and book are very different, director Léa Pool, of Montreal, asked the actors not to read the novel beforehand.

In the film, Perabo plays Pauline, an intense teenage lesbian who is devastated when her boarding-school girlfriend rejects



Jersey got taken her head out of the books

her. Perabo desperately wanted to play Pauline since it was a role completely different than the one she made her famous. In *Cape*, Perabo's character was an anxious small-town songwriter who moved from New Jersey to New York City to make it big. Perabo herself was an aspiring actor from Jersey who made that same trip to Manhattan, albeit with a detour through Ohio University's theatre program.

With *Lost and Delirious*, Perabo has avoided the curse of typecasting and has garnered raves at the Berlin and Sundance film festivals. She even picked up a little something extra from her time spent in Lennoxville: "I started working on a French dialect for my new film and the coach was like, 'This is so weird, but you have sort of a Québécois accent.' It made sense to me."

## Sorry, Travis who?

**T**he members of Travis are used to people recognizing their songs, without knowing who sings them. He's not the title of their new album, *The Invisible Band*. It's hard to believe that this Scottish foursome has any kind of recognition after its second album, *The Invisible Band*, sold 2.4 million copies in Britain and the group began comparing them to Oasis and Radiohead. But Francis Healy, Douglas Peet, Neil Primrose and Andrew Dwyer—all in their late 20s—enjoy relative privacy at home in London.

In North America they've yet to have much impact. "America and Canada are



Travis: Peet, Primrose, Healy, Dwyer

such massive places," says bassist Peet. "You can't get the level of success we want just by having and making good records, you need luck, and luck to happen." For example, two years ago, while they were performing *Why Does It Always Rain on Me?* at England's Glastonbury Festival, the sky opened and drenched the crowd. Headline ending "Travis makes it rain" helped propel *Dark to Light* to No. 1. The gaps in Travis' set lists on rock-star-like behavior stem from their mutual respect and a desire to let the songs stand on their own. "We've been making for 11 years," explains Peet. "The way we take care of each other is mentioned in the way we take care of the songs." Making Travis the band with invisible eyes

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## PRESCRIBING HORROR

**D**r. Peter Duffy leads a double life. As Duffy, he is a physician—the former chief of emergency at St. Mary's Hospital in Montreal. As Peter Clement, however, the 56-year-old is a storyteller—the mystery writer conjuring up horrific yet captivating scenarios in the world of hospitals and health. And that duality is evident throughout *Dr. Peter Clement Duffy's* life (Clement being his middle name). He took a year off between medical school and med school to complete a BA in English literature and philosophy. Then after graduating from med school, Duffy took two years off to freelance at

the National Film Board of Canada. "It used to be a conflict," he says. "But then I realized that it didn't have to be. I could do both."

In both worlds, Duffy has been successful. His first two books have sold well and he's just released two more—a paperback called *The Prescriber* and his hardcover debut, *Murder*—all of which are set in the United States to appeal to a larger audience. After 28 years in medicine, he left his family practice to focus on children full time. "The best answer to why we write is because we have to," he says. "If you have to tell a story, it will come out."

Duffy/Clement left medicine for mystery



# PLAYING TO WIN

Pinchas Zukerman wants his orchestra to be as famous for its teaching as its music

By JOHN GEDDIS

There they stand, face-to-face, it looks like a terrible mismatch. Pinchas Zukerman, at 53 one of the world's great violins, leans towards his precocious student, 13-year-old Carlin Tully, like a storm bearing down on a sapling. "Lost of bow," he hears. "Use the whole bow." Tully, though, is in no danger of being blown away, standing firmly rooted to the floor of a University of Ottawa rehearsal room. She gives him what he wants, swinging her right arm into the music in a way that entrains and echoes the master standing a metre in front of her. Suddenly, the swirling physical contact between the big, dourly handsome old pro and his slight, snow-berry-blond protégé means less than what they have in common: those are two wonderful fiddlers, one at the height of his powers and the other just learning how to reach for hers.

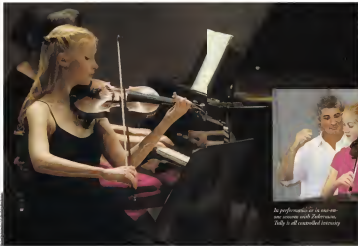
Whether Tully gets to the plateau Zukerman has occupied for about four decades could depend on how well she's able to use what he gives her in seasons like these. For the Vancouver prodigy, the opportunity is huge—intense, one-on-one master classes with one of the best. But for Zukerman, music director of the National Arts Centre Orchestra in Ottawa, the payoff could also be big. He is arriving on board the NAC's summer Young Artists Program, which he founded just three years ago, into a world-renowned training program for elite young classical musicians. The ultimate success of exceptional participants like Tully, who has attended two years training, would go a long way to securing his program the international reputation.

Zukerman will settle for nothing less. When he was appointed to take over the NAC orchestra in 1998, he stressed that education was as big a priority for him as playing. He put out the message that a new man was in charge by quickly taking the orchestra

on the road for two major tours—across Canada in 1999 and then last year to acclaim in Europe and his native Israel. But accolades for performing come faster than recognition for teaching. The Young Artists Program started with just 12 violin and viola students in the summer of 1999, then doubled to 26 including oboe and piano in its second year and finally ballooned to 33 players, most in their late teens and early 20s, this year. Zukerman also launched an annual two-week training course for aspiring young conductors in June, and has plans for adding a similar program for promising opera singers.

Those who work with him at the NAC give the appearance of carrying along in his dust. Claire Speed, education manager

for the NAC orchestra, says Zukerman has a way of making things happen by the force of his conviction. "He tells us, 'Do the right thing and the money will come.'" Speed says of his approach to launching new ventures: "And, you know, it does." Individual and corporate patrons of the NAC have come across with scholarships for all of the Canadian students attending this year's program. Asked about Zukerman's plan to add a vocal-musical section to the summer teaching schedule, Speed suggests it's only a tentative plan. Informed that Zukerman already talks of it as a done deal, she laughs. "Well, then it will happen."



In performance as in one-on-one sessions with Zukerman, Tully is all controlled intensity

For all his confidence, however, Zukerman doesn't always get his way without opposition. His decision to expand the Young Artists Program to students from around the world was, Speed admits, initially controversial inside the NAC. "The first couple of years, it was confined to the village: Now, it's Canadian-plus," Zukerman says. "People have finally come to think of music as a global language." Zukerman seems to think of music as holding their own special citizenship. "He talks about playing music at this level as living in a different country," says Deborah Bennett, Carlin Tully's mother. If there is such a place, Tully, the youngest student in the 2001 summer class, has been living there almost since birth. Even though neither of her par-

ents play instruments, she showed an unusual interest in music—particularly the sound of the violin—as a toddler. Her parents bought her a keyboard when she was 3, but it "broke her spirit," Bennett remembers. For Christmas when she was just 4, she pleaded for a violin. Lessons followed, and by the time she was 6, experts were urging her parents to make her practice seriously.

Zukerman first heard her when she was 11, at a master class he was giving in Vancouver. Asked what he first noticed about her, he says, "Sound, sound, sound. I went, 'Hi there! What's your name?'" At 12, she came to the Young Artists Program and Zukerman worked closely with her. "Just being there with that sound, just hearing him play, opens up new ideas," Tully says. Her voice is low and level for an adolescent girl, and her questions for Zukerman are precise. She does not seem intimidated. "Every once in a while you're just, 'Oh my gosh, what are I doing here?'" But it doesn't seem like that in the one-on-one lessons," she says, then takes a moment to think about how to describe this unique apprenticeship to an outsider. "You're doing work, you know? You absorb music when you're not in awe."

This professional attitude is part of what Zukerman and his faculty convey—but not at the expense of an undisciplined love of music. After running Tully through a routine for learning a tricky passage, Zukerman urges her to repeat the drill on her own.

"Do it until it is absolutely automatic," he says with a shy grin, as if sharing an in-joke. "Until you can't stand it anymore. Until somebody finally shouts, 'Stop it! Hah, hah!'" Even the grueling part of becoming a concert violinist seems to make him happy.

But far from demanding his students devote every waking moment to music, Zukerman also strives to draw them—and their families. "Sometimes, I have to sit with the mothers and tell them off," he says. "I tell them to get the hell out of the way—no, even that simple. I will sit down with a parent and say, 'Be careful. You've got a gifted child. Let's make sure it's a gift to all of us. It's a long journey, a very long journey.'" Carlin Tully's parents seem to agree. Bennett, home-schools Carlin, and her father, Alan Tully, is a historian at the University of British Columbia's dean of arts. Carlin doesn't envy her peers who practice with their musician fathers and dads. "I don't think they ever get away from it at home," she says. "My parents do anything I ask them to do for music, but there isn't any real pressure. I certainly think it makes me a happier person." She says the pressure about those hours a day—for less than many prodigies.

It seems to be working for her. When Zukerman put her out in front of the NAC orchestra at a free Carlin Tully concert to play two movements from Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons*, the crowd ate it up. While performing, Carlin's face was all controlled intensity; only the shy smile she allowed when taking her bows during the long ovation reminded the audience of her age. The maestro beamed at her side. "To see someone mature and blossom, and do the right thing, is a wonderful feeling," Zukerman says. "I feel full of energy when I'm doing that." If he has his way with the NAC Young Artists Program, Zukerman will be making up that energy—and generating even more—for years to come. ■

Films

# SWEETHEART DEAL

By Brian D. Johnson

Before Julia Roberts was Julia Roberts, I met her in a 1989 press junket for *Steel Dawn* in a Manhattan hotel. It was her second major role, but her first junket. She and her co-stars—Dolly Parton, Sally Field and Shirley MacLaine—were playing musical chairs with titles of journalists, and by the time she showed up at ours, the intrigue was a self-conscious wreck. Flustered by the simple act of talking about herself, she got up almost as soon as she'd sat down, and ran off to seek support from her Hollywood big sisters.

Of course, she got up attention is just the Freudian slip side of the desire for it, a paradox that explains every prima donna who has refused to come out of her trailer. Perhaps with that first nervous kiss of celebrity, Roberts could see the whole movie coming unfurling—in the Runaway Bride on standard runway train. But since then, she's become so accustomed of the spotlight that she turned this year's Oscars into her very own prom-gown concert, and as a guest on *Lawrence* in-



cently, while offering the last word on his split with Benjamin Bratt, the rose or last took over the show. On screen, Roberts is more convincing when she plays a star in some version or other—Cinderella on Hollywood Boulevard in *Pretty Woman*, a stocky movie queen in *Moving Violin*, a Barbie firebrand in *Erin Brockovich*. As Hollywood's highest-paid (and, most popular) actress, she is *American's Sweetheart*. So much so that the title of her new movie, *American Sweetheart*, almost seems like a brand extension of her billing. But the "sweethearts" of the title actually refer to a fictional pair of Hollywood megastars—the narcissistic Gwen and her estranged husband, Eddie—played by Catherine Zeta-Jones and John Cusack. Roberts plays Kiki, Gwen's self-effacing sister and personal assistant, a naive model of the Fifties girl- Friday-in-glasses, on the cusp of beauty.

This softly satirical farce takes place at a Hollywood junket, where a vicious press agent (co-producer/co-writer Billy Crystal) is trying to reconcile the romance between Gwen and Eddie, or at

least the appearance of it, to promote their new movie, *Time Over Time*. It's not going anything away to say that, so he furries through this slapstick courtship. Eddie will realize that the one he really loves is Kiki.

The movie should be called *Winning for Julia*. Roberts spends the first half sleeping her glamour under wraps, and there are a couple of coy flashbacks showing her (in the much-discussed far suit) 60 lb. heavier. When the Cinderella moment finally comes, it's as if someone has tipped a switch. The eyes light up, the smile goes wide, and big emotions push those veils in her forehead mind out. The transition is hard to swallow. Her chemistry with Cusack is uneven riding—Zeta-Jones, who almost smokes the movie, seems a better match. And although Cusack is a terrific actor, he's miscast as a superstar on the losing end of a celebrity marriage. It's as if he'd doing a Vegas version of the jitter boyfriend he played in *High Fidelity*.

Even if it doesn't pay off emotionally, *American Sweetheart* delivers enough diverting moments that it may well be the Romantic Comedy of the Summer that everyone expects. Stanley Tucci offers a delectable caricature of a vocal studio head. And

Christopher Walken hops in and out as a renegade director, a romantic prolix with hippie hair, who wants to unravel *Time Over Time* at the junket without shaving it to the studio.

But the funniest line is off-topper—dabbers give *winning days* and *Hugoboss*. Gwen's new boyfriend is a Spanish de la named Hector (Hank Azaria) with a loping, Curlyfoot accent, who gets the first big laugh when he asks about going to the "prach horizon." It's a funny, but before the end of the movie, the Latin lover panderly wears thin and you realize how unlikely it would be if Hector was, say, Mexican, instead of Spanish. The other running gag involves a Doberman pincer and Cusack's growth... It's just say that believability in the movies has truly arrived if it had made the leap from Tim Green to Billy Crystal.

One of the reasons we go to movies is to see what we can't see in real life. And that quality pleasure offers no end of opportunities—to see John looking fit to Larry King soliciting a movie star to a tough interview. It also pokes gentle fun at Hollywood's most abominable pretension ritual, the luxury media junket, with scenes from real-life parties, cast as photocopies who say, "I love your party," after asking the stars embarrassing questions on camera. It must have been a bore for them to then attend the junket for the real movie, and rescue the routine of lobbying selfish questions, collecting swag and composing blurbs.

## Julia Roberts' star vehicle isn't as compelling as a subtle work from North Carolina

As Hollywood self-satire, *American Sweetheart* lacks the bite of Robert Altman's *The Player*. It's an inside job: the director is Joe Roth, who has run studios at 20th Century Fox and Disney, and hasn't directed since *Grease* in 1978. He never finds his rhythm, the pace always seems one step behind the audience. Roth talks about trying to re-create the spirit of Preston Sturges comedies from the '40s, which seems a tall assignment when he smacks a motorcycle

swilling through a restaurant window in the opening shot. But this is a picture that wants to be in color and car it. Just like Julia—a fine actress who is becoming so spotted by fame that her red fat suit is celebrity itself.

While *American Sweetheart* opens in theaters "everywhere," George Washington is only now creeping into limited Canadian release, almost a year after it was discovered at the Toronto International Film Festival. Although the Oscars failed to take notice, it appeared on many U.S. critical top-10 lists last year. No wonder. It's a small but extraordinary picture, a work of striking originality that reminds us film can still have the sub-

tle power of literature.

The title is a decoy. George Washington is not a fringe of the first U.S. president, but it does look for threads of honor in the stained fabric of the American dream. It's set in the squalor of rural North Carolina, and the main characters are abjectly poor: a 19-year-old boy and a 13-year-old girl. But from the opening scene, of a 13-year-old boy playing with a 13-



*American Sweetheart* gives George Washington, who Zeta-Jones, Robert and Cusack (opposite) star in a Berlin scene about love.

year-old girl not to dump her, the drama achieves pitch-perfect tone, without cynicism or bathos.

Making his feature debut, Texas writer-director David Gordon Green drew his cast from North Carolina local with no acting experience. Unlike much low-budget realism, however, *George Washington* is not video verité, and doesn't try to shock, dazzle or bewilder. It just envelops you. Shooting in 35-mm CinemaScope, Green finds a dark beauty in a heap of twisted rubble, or a boy lying spinning the muddy wheel of an overturned car with a stick. There's not a lot of dramatic violence. But a kind of hero quietly emerges, a slow black kid named George (Donald Holder), who wears a football helmet because he has a soft shell, and who relies to wearing a cape because greatness seems like a good idea. After *American's Sweetheart*, here is a picture with real sweetness and heart, one that shows anonymity as it is in American in celebrity. ■

# FOSSILIZED FRANCHISE

At 140 million years and counting, the venerable *Jurassic franchise* is definitely showing signs of age. Sure, the dinosaurs are as spectacular as ever in *Jurassic Park III*, particularly the new guy, a superpredator called Sarcosaurus that makes T rex seem about as dangerous as a deranged Pitman. But now, when moviegoers take it as a given that their fantasy creatures will be flawlessly lifelike, Steven Spielberg and company still have nothing else to offer. In fact, they aren't even trying any more. Their new plot takes less time to unfold than its predecessor: Alan Grant (Sam Neill) is shipwrecked back to dinosaur island by a drowned couple (William Macy and Tia Lioni), refused to search for their lost boy; many narrow escape; music. The acting, unimpressive for all the wrong reasons, is a match for the story. It all could have worked as a comedy, if the filmmakers had kept their nerve, especially the ludicrously ludicrous homage to Captain Hook and the crocodile from *Peter Pan*.



Sarcosaurus is the new guy in *Jurassic Park III*.

(The *Sarcosaurus* swallows a satellite phone that regularly sounds off with an annoying ding, thus warning the cast that something the size of a B-52 bomber was teeming up on them.) "Some of the worst things imaginable have been done with the best intentions," confesses Grant. He might have been talking about the film—except that the anonymous behind-it was no more noble than making a fortune.

Brian Borchers

## LONG LABOUR OF LUST

It has taken months of work and stretched his recalcitrant in unusual ways, but Vancouver resident Larry Hu has finally completed his tale. This September, Arsenal Pulp Press of Vancouver will publish his English version of *The Embroidered Clouds*, an erotic novel that reformed Chinese society in the early 17th century and has been banned by governments ever since. The novel, attributed to the playwright Lu Tancheng, shows that the late Ming dynasty would have more than delicate tastes and tea ceremonies.



His *discretion* wasn't enough.

"Trying to show a different picture of Chinese people 400 years ago," says Hu. The book details the sexual adventures of a scholar named Euan-guo and of his wife, Jin, who takes Fung Hui, queen of Victorian-era erotica, look like a schoolmaster. Hu says the unnamed female character and the "unfamed lecherousness" offer readers an eye-opening view of Chinese life. "It was so open so liberal. Unfortunately this period didn't last long." There in Shanghai, Hu admits he consumed of English failed him at times and he had to consult the adult-magazine rack for the right words. "My discretion was obviously not enough."

## Whining killer

No other animal on the planet, write Harvard tropical disease expert Andrew Spielman and journalist Michael D'Antonio in *Mosquito* (Farrar), has troubled humanity as profoundly as their subject. The insect Angel of Death has devastated armies and disrupted the course of history more than once. The mosquito is the primary vector for such diseases as malaria, which still afflicts—often fatally—10 percent of the world's population. (Every 12 seconds a malaria-infected child dies.) Spielman, a veteran of the Iraq war, knows what he's talking about when describing the lessons learned in the great eradication campaigns of the 20th century, efforts that actually backfired because of scientific arrogance—and a ban on DDT, the greatest mosquito killer ever invented.

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Allan Fotheringham

## Down the greasy pole

The most remarkable thing about the lonely job of being prime minister, considering Stockboy Day's hilarious hallucinations, is the number of completely unsuitable aspirants who consider themselves fit for the job.

Hal Jackson, a sweating figure whose cybersweat is even larger than his ego, inherited a firmly Bay Street fortune and made it even wealthier. He was the enthusiastic liberal-fundamentalist for the Canadian Alliance among the Toronto moneyed crowd until he, like so many others, intensely fled the scene, blushing at their bad judgment. Earlier, as a High Tory, he ran three times for Parliament—at least, to become PM, of course—in Hoggsworld's giddy Roundtable riding, where the swimming pools are in the shape of the owners' silhouettes. He was rouched each time by Gae Don Macdonald, who won six straight elections.

The late John Bassett, who was once joint owner of both the Toronto Argonauts and Maple Leafs and was publisher of the Toronto Telegram, also saw himself in the sinuous of Ottawa and offered himself, on the Conservative ticket, as the obvious choice—twice—to the hunched voters. Twice they rejected his kind offer: Dalton Camp, who as president of the same party had to oversee the unmaking of the erratic John Diefenbaker, did the same—going to the polls twice in Toronto. Unfortunately the voters saved him the plume for Ottawa.

The list goes on and on, and as we know, hasn't stopped yet. Little Jimmy Cowan, the Ragsdale behind Pierre Trudeau, got it in his head that he could graduate from the back room into real life and put his future in the hands of those elusive figures known as voters. His riding encouraged parts of Toronto's Chinatown and he was left down the track by a bearded NDP veteran who actually knew how to knock on doors. His aim, of course, was the Prime Minister's office—as was that of Jackson, Bassett and, we suspect, Camp—only this time endorsed by that curiously riddle known as the public.

Franki Steenack, the Austrian immigrant who arrived here with the six out of his pants and became an auto-parts billionaire who now owns many of the major restaurants in the United States, thought his new-found status would warrant an elevation to PM, the perfect rags-to-riches story. He spent a ton of money acquiring a Liberal nomination and forced—to his utter astonishment—that the voters didn't agree. Gone-



Maurice Strong, who ran away from his Manitoba home at 16 to run a Hudson's Bay fur trading post to the Far North and was a millionaire at 30 as head of Power Corp in Montreal, also decided Canada needed him as PM, got a Liberal nomination and then suddenly renounced it because of difficulties he has never explained.

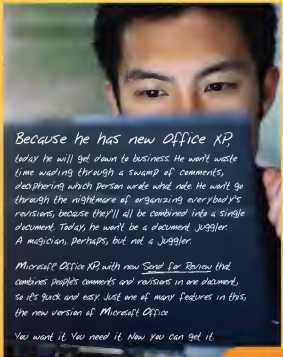
The road to 24 Sussex Drive takes some weird diversions. Previous Manning, in his lifelong dream to prepare himself for the route, spent some time in California learning about military intelligence and, with his contacts with the CIA, went to Vietnam to gather further experience. This led to the original name of his new baby, the Canadian Conservative Reform Alliance party. Which translated to CCORAP and, after the press pointed this out, lasted approximately two days—a forerunner of our present and imminent.

It happens everywhere, this assumption by so many hopefuls that the climb up the greasy pole to the top is such a cinch. Nelson Rockefeller thought his family riches could buy the presidency but found otherwise. Richard Nixon could have survived Watergate but for his own warty in ego—according to all his own words in the Oval Office, which, once revealed, proved him the croak he said he never was.

In Britain, the "croak" successor to William (Vague) Hague as leader of the confused Conservatives, Michael Portillo, has been dumped from contention by the very Tory MPs he had been self-suspecting in his eagerness for 10 Downing Street. The final blow came when Conrad Black's Daily Telegraph revealed that he was being backed by the Iron Lady who won't go away. Margaret Thatcher—who immediately denied it in another First Street speech. Both revelations (which cost one traitor his job) proved him off. He was losing an author to a drawing man.

The pitiful tale of the omphalos in the wet suit has even bored newspaper readers in the dog days of summer. It is fit for the days of silent movies and the *Perils of Pauline*. Stockboy bowed and gagged on the railway tracks before the on-rushing locomotive. He has about as much chance of becoming prime minister as I do (born from the peasant gaffery).

It is a matter of record that among the multifarious jobs he completed, in his exotic curriculum vitae, was killing cows in an Alberta slaughterhouse and picking up bodies for a brace company. He would do well to return to those functions.



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